

Wit at several Weapons. 4

N A M

COMEDY

Written by

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AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER

1718

L O N D O N

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black  
Swan without Temple-Bar. 1718.

# FRANCIS PERFIDIA.

## M E N.

**S**IR PERFIDIOUS Oldcraft, an old Knight, a great  
Worthy, a great Favourite of the Crown.  
Sir Gregory, a wise Lord of Land.  
Cunningham, a discreet Gentleman, Sir Gregory's  
Comrade and Supplanter.  
Sir RUTHLESS Gentry, a decay'd Knight.  
PUSMAN, a great Scholar. } Two sharking Com-  
panions.  
Pompey Doodle, a Clown, Sir Gregory's Man, a  
piece of Buff-paste, like his Master.  
Mr CREDULOUS, Nephew to Sir PERFIDIOUS, a shallow-  
brain'd Scholar.

## W O M E N.

Neice to Sir PERFIDIOUS, a rich and witty Heir.  
Lady RUINOUS, Wife to Sir RUINOUS.  
Guardianess to Sir PERFIDIOUS his Neice, an old doting  
Crones.  
Mirabell, the Guardianess's Neice.

## SCENE LONDON.



Wit



# Wit at several Weapons.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir Peridione, Old-man, an old Knight, and Witty-pate his Son.*

*Witty.* **S**IR, I'm no Boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,  
The second Year's approaching.

*Old R.* A fine time.

For a Youth to live by his Wits then, I should think;  
If e'er he mean to make Account of any.

*Witty.* Wits, Sir?

*Old R.* Ay Wits, Sir; if it be so strange to thee;  
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,  
I might have employ'd my Pains a great deal better;  
Thou know'st all that I have, I ha' got by my Wits;  
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;  
It grieves me thou art so degenerate  
To trouble me for Means, I never offer'd it  
My Parents from a School-boy, past Nineteen once.  
See what these Times are grown to, before Twenty  
I rush'd into the World, which is indeed  
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't  
Must fall Plump, and duck himself at first,  
And that will make him bold and advent'ous,  
And not stand putting in one Foot, and thither,  
And then draw t'other after, like a Quake-buttock;  
Well he may make a Padishah's World,  
From Hand to Mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,  
Born up by the Chin, as I bore up my self.

*A 2*

*Wit*

With my strong Industry that never fail'd me;  
 But he that's born up with Fortune's  
 Press, he that swims with Bladders,  
 Can't be Trick of adverse Portune so  
 He sinks, because he never try'd to swim,  
 When Wit plays with the Billows that shoak'd him;  
*Witt.* Why is it such a Fashion for a Father, Sir,  
 One of his yearly thousands, to allow  
 His only Son a competent Brace of Hundreds;  
 Or such a Toy?

*Old K.* Yes, if he mean to spoil him,  
 Or mar his Wit he may, but never I,  
 This is my Honour, Sir, which you'll find constant;  
 I love it for itself, because I lov'd by't,  
 That I have now a power out of my Means to hurt it,  
 And that's a Kind of Gratitude to my Raiser,  
 Which great ones oft forget; I have much  
 This Age's Dilemma: when I feel I write  
 The first Degree that e'er I took in living,  
 I lay Intelligeneer close for wenching,  
 Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate  
 Of all the Maiden-Heads extant, how many lay  
 'Mongst Chamber-maids, how many 'mongst Exchange,  
 Though never many there I must confess;  
 They have a Trick to utter Wares so fast;  
 I knew which Lady had a Mind to fall,  
 Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman breaking;  
 The Price of every Sinner's sinning Mail,  
 And where to take each Drice; which were the Tearmers,  
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,  
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and half Crowns;  
 I knew how to match, and make my Market;  
 Could give Intelligence where the Pox lay lodger,  
 And then to see the Letchers shift a Point;  
 'Twas Sport and Busie time, how they would run  
 Their ador'd Mistress's Chambers, and rue fully,  
 Like Rats from burning Houses, so brought I  
 My Clyents the Game still safe together,  
 And noble Gamesters lov'd me, and I lov'd it;  
 Give me a Man that lives by his Wits, say I,  
 And's never lefr a Groat; there's the true Gallant;  
 When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then  
 In Men's opinions too, and confidence;  
 They put things call'd Executorships upon me,  
 The charge of Orphans, little senseless Creatures,  
 Whom in their Childhoods I bound fast to Felt-mattress,

To.



To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,  
Disguise their tender Natures with hard Custom,  
So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise angrily,  
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,  
I'm arm'd at all points against Treachery,  
I hold my Honour firm; if I can see thee thrive by  
Thy Wits while I live, I shall have the more courage  
To trust thee with my Land when I dye, if not,  
The next best Wit I can hear of, carries 'em:  
For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich Children  
Of the City conclude in Beggary, I'd rather  
Make a poor Stranger my Executor, than a foolish  
Son my Heir, and to have my Lands sold after my  
Wit, than after my Name; and that's my Nature.

*Witty.* 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then?  
I come, brave Cheats, once to my Trade again,  
And I'll ply't harder now than ever I did for't,  
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

*Old K.* Not a jot, Sir.

*Witty.* If I should ask you Blessing e'er I go, Sir,  
I think you would not give't me.

*Old K.* Let me but how thou liv'st by thy Wits once  
Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,  
Then why should I take care for thee?

*Witty.* 'Thank your Bounty.

[Exit

*Old K.* So Wealth love me, and long Life, I beseech it,  
As I do love the Man that lives by his Wits,  
He comes so near my Nature; I'm grown old now,  
And even arriv'd at my last Cheat I fear me,  
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,  
And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,  
And never trouble any Interest Money.

I've yet a Neice to wed, over whose share  
I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianship,  
For fear some poor Earl steal her, 'thas been threatened,  
To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;  
To prevent which, I have sought out a Match for her,  
*Fop of Fop-Hall*, he writes himself, I take it,  
The ancientest *Fop* in England, with whom I've privately  
Compounded for the third part of her Portion.

*Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cunningham*

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts left with me.  
He's come; Sir *Gregory*, welcome; what's he, Sir?

*Sir Greg.* Young *Cunningham*, a Norfolk Gentleman,  
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my hundred,  
Ever since my Remembrance; he's a Wit indeed,

[And



*Wits at Federal Weapons.*

And we all strive to have him, nay 'tis certain  
Some of our Name has gone to Law for him;  
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed  
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your Wits are,  
But I will give him over when I list,  
I ha' us'd Wits so before.

*Old K.* I hope when you're married, Sir, you'll shake him off.

*Sir Greg.* What do you take me to be, old Father? Law that  
shall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits* hang upon me af-  
ter I am married once? none of my Kindred ever did before me;  
but where's this Neice? is't a Fashion in London to marry a Wo-  
man, and never see her?

*Old K.* Excuse the niceness, Sir, that Care's your Friend.  
Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her;  
There's many a *spout* she's call'd, and 't please your Honour,  
That lies in wait for her, at first she's a Countess,  
Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman,  
Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* Buttocks:  
This whets him on.

*Sir Greg.* Pray let's clap up the business, Sir,  
I long to see her, are you sure you have her,  
Is she not there already? Hark, hark, oh hark.

*Old K.* How now, what's that, Sir?

*Sir Greg.* Every Caroch goes by,  
Goes ev'n to th' Heart of me:

*Old K.* I'll have that Doubt eas'd, Sir,  
Instantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*; and now I think on't  
A Toy comes i' my Mind, seeing your Friend there,  
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,  
And put a trick upon her, I love Wit preciously,  
You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your Friend first,  
It's please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

*Sir Greg.* Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his Supper  
Lies i' my Breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

*Old K.* Then come you forth more unexpectedly  
The Mask it self, a thousand a Year Joynture,  
The *Claw*, your Friend, will be then drawn away,  
And only in the Beauty of the Play.

*Sir Greg.* For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers,  
But your Neice bring White, and we have three Colours.

[Exit *Sir Greg.*

*Old K.* I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

*Sir Greg.* I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

*Old K.* Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir,  
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a Wit.

*Gum.* Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know so much.

*Old K.*

*Wit at several Weapons.*

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*Old K.* A Pestilence hazard, a Duke *Humphrey Spark*,  
Hard ather lose his Dinner than his Jest;  
I say I love a Wit the best of all things.

*Com.* Always except your self.

*Old K.* Has giv'n't me twice now,

*Enter Neice and Guardians.*

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit  
I should be heartily sorry; cuds, my Neice,  
You know the business with her.

*Com.* With a Wit.

'Tis ev'n the very same was, I'm sure,  
Five thousand Years ago, no Fool can miss it.

*Old K.* This is the Gentleman I promis'd, Neice,  
To present to your Affection.

*Com.* Where's the Arrow.

*Old K.* Deliver me the Truth now of your saying.

*Com.* I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game  
Should be found out as I am.

*Old K.* Go set to her, Sir——ha, ha, ha.

*Com.* How noble is this Vision in your fancy?

Your Eye may seem to commit a thousand Naughters  
On your dull Servants, which truly cannot  
Conclude all in Comments. *Old K.* Po.

*Neice.* It rather shews what a true Worth can make,  
Such as yours is.

*Old K.* And that's not worth a Groat;  
How like you him, Neice?

*Neice.* It shall appear how well, Sir.  
I have thank you for him.

*Old K.* Ha, ha, good Gallery, he does it well I faith,  
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-Land* there:  
Hold, hold, bear off I say, 'tis your Part hangs too long.

*Com.* My Joys are Mockeries.

*Neice.* You've both express'd a worthy care and love, Sir;  
Had mine own Eye been set at liberty  
To make a publick choice (believe me, Truth, Sir)  
It cou'd not ha' done better for my Heart  
Than your good Providence has.

*Old K.* You will say so then,  
Alas sweet Neice, all this is but the Scabbard,  
Now I draw forth the Weapon.

*Neice.* How? *Old K.* Sir Gregory,  
Approach thou Lad of thousands.

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

*Sir Greg.* Who calls me?

*Neice.* Whar Motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

*Old K.*

*Old K.* Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

*Sir Greg.* I was advis'd to bestow dainty Cost on you.

*Neice.* You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counsel.

You may have good for a Angel, the least cost.

You can bestow upon a Woman, Sir,

Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware.

You're over Head and Ears, e'er you be aware.

Faith keep a Batchelor still, and go to Boys, Sir.

Follow your Mistress here, and prick as you Sir;

For other Mistresses will make you a Slave.

*Sir Greg.* So, so, I have my Terrepood-head.

*Old K.* Why how now, Neice, this is the Man I tell you.

*Neice.* He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock.

This is the Man you would say.

*Old K.* The Devil, I think.

*Can.* I must use caution here.

*Old K.* Make me not mad, use him with all respect.

This is the Man I tell you.

*Neice.* Would you could persuade me to that.

Alas, you cannot go beyond me, Uncle.

You carry a Jest well, I must confess.

For a Man of your Years, but—

*Old K.* I'm brought beside my self.

*Can.* I never beheld Comeliness till this minute.

*Guard.* Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words  
To an old Gentlewoman.

*Neice.* Sir. *Can.* Away Fifteen,

Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

*Neice.* What's the business?

*Can.* Give me these motherly Creatures, come, ne'er smother it,  
I know you are a teeming Woman yet.

*Guard.* Troth a young Gentleman might do much I think, Sir.

*Can.* Go too then.

*Guard.* And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

*Neice.* Can you so soon neglect me!

*Can.* Hence, I'm busie.

*Old K.* This cross point came in luckily, impudent Baggage,  
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not ashamed

To be a Widow's hindrance? *Can.* Are you angry, Sir?

*Old K.* You're welcome, pray court on, I will desire

Your honest wife Acquaintance, vex me not

After my care and pains to find a Match for thee,

Left I confine thy Life to some Out-chamber,

Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy Youth,

Like a consuming Light in her own Socket,

And not allow'd a Male-Creature about thee;



A very bloody, the bloody  
Shall prove as a thousand Pound, a Chain of Pains  
At fifteen hundred.

*Neice.* But are you serious, *Old K.* Serious.

*Neice.* But let me look upon the Gentleman

With more heed; then I did but hum him over

In half, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery Sheets;

Behold my Blood, a terrible

How I dislike him! *Sir Greg.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Neice.* Say he is worth, half of a

Well-washed, two good

As if they would not thus, make such

The Reason i'th' Face, why that's in

Mark of your high Blood, have it, sign of Greatness many;

To be taken down, with May-butter,

I'll send to my Lady, for her Medicine.

*Sir Greg.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

*Neice.* He's qualified too, believe me.

*Sir Greg.* Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

*Neice.* Where was my

*Sir Greg.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

*Neice.* Perfections cover'd me.

*Sir Greg.* Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

*Neice.* It looks apparently: Pardon, sweet Sir,

The error of my Sex.

*Old K.* Well said, *Neice.*

Upon Sunday you must pardon her now, Sir

*Sir Greg.* I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an Ais, Knight?

Here's first my Hand, now's goes to the Seal-Office.

*Old K.* Formally said, now goes this Seal forward?

*Can.* I'm taking measure of the Widow's Mind, Sir.

I hope to fit her Heart.

*Guard.* Who would have dreamt

Of a young Morfel now? things come in Minutes.

*Sir Greg.* Trust him not, Widow, he's a younger Brother,

He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

*Guard.* He brings more Content to a Woman with that nothing,

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing;

We have Precedents for that among great Ladies.

*Old K.* Come, come, no Language now shall be in Fashion,

But your Love-phrase, the Bell to Procreation. [Exit

*Enter Sir Ruminous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.*

*Witty.* Pox, there's nothing puts me beside my Wits, but this

fourth, this last illiterate share, there's no Conscience in't.

*Ruin.* Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd, and must

be still where I am, nor has it been underv'd at the Year's end,

and shuffle the Almanack together, Venter them Tumb down, one with another, No I shall not. Wife is a Woman of a good Spirit, then it is no lay there.

*Pris.* Faith for this five years, I have been a poor, I have been a hungry penurious share with you, and she has had as much as I desire.

*Witty.* Present or not present?

*Pris.* *Residents aut non residents, not I know.*

*Witty.* And what Precedence must I have? because you, Sir, of *bas Turpis*, and *Quintus* of *bas* Brain, when ever got any thing but by accident, and by courtesy, did always therefore I must, that have growed a Company of Wits, Hereditary Rules from my Father to get by—

*Ruin.* Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will take no token of my Wife's share, make even the best reckoning, and either so unite, or here divide company.

*Pris.* A good Resolution, *profero*, let every Man beg his own way, and happy Man be his dole.

*Witty.* Well, here's your double share, and single Brain, *Pa. adipol*, here's toward a *Castor* *ocallor* for you, I will endure a Fort-night longer, but by these just *five ends*—

*Pris.* Take heed, *Pris.* Take heed, both hands together, or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

*Witty.* *Medius flius*, hold your Tongue, I depose you from half a share presently, I will make you a Participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Lasine* ends shall go swift, *Lasine* *comfoso*, together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that *Gerundine* Mass of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

*Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.*

*Ruin.* Enough, enough, here comes Company, we lose five Shares in wrangling about one.

*Witty.* My Father; put on *Pris.* he has *Lasine* Fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll ease my Face with a little more Hair, and relieve.

*Old K.* Tush, Nephew, (I'll call you so) for if there be No other Obstacles than those you speak of, They are but Powder-Charges without Pellets, You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own Danger.

*Sir Greg.* No other than I can perceive I faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest Repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that, if need were, should defend her Reputation.

*Old K.* And surely, Sir, that is a Principle Amongst your principal Ladies, they require Valour, either in a Friend or a Husband.

*Sir Greg.*

Sir Greg. Will I allow that Respect I have, as well as any Man's Heart can desire, if I knew where to get Valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any Man that blows.

Old K. Breaths, breaths, that's the weaker Phrase.

Sir Greg. Blows for a Soldier, I thank Sir, and I'm in Practice that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. Still, I'll swallow some Bollets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

Old K. Will you sn and beg, or steal and be hang'd?

Sir Greg. And some Scholar she would have me besides, tush, that shall be no Bar, 'tis a Quality in a Gentleman, but of the least Question.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, misericordissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dictis ad nos? jubeo te salvere.*

Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other Metal in us too.

Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could find in my Heart to talk with him too.

Old K. I'll be bound to him.

Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimi Domini, ex abundantia Charitatis vestrae propterea in me jejunum*

*Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulm.*

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my Faith, Sir, but I'll to him again.

Sir Greg. Does he beg or steal in this Language, can you tell Sir?

He may take away my good Name from me, and I never the wiser.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecco, ecce, in oculis lacrimarum flumen, in ore*

*Fames sitisque ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,*

*Inimici parva necessitas & indignitas.*

Old K. *Audi tu bonus focius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo,*

*Ego faciam argumentum.* Mark now, Sir, now I fetch him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this, Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. *Audi & responde, hoc est Argumentum, Nomen est Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi Nomen? Responde nunc,*

*Responde Argumentum meum.* Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in, the Rascal is put out of his penn'd Speech, And he can get no farther.

Old K. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *Ob Domine, tanta mea est miseria.*

Witty. So, he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat agestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitat.*



Old K. *Quid quod est tibi, Domine? Et quid tibi?*

Ham, hem.

Witty. He's dry, he looks on you.

Prof. Courteous Gentlemen, if the grow of a military Man may not be offensive to your generous Eye-balls, let his Actions speak better than his Words, for some Branch or small Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Ruin. Such is the Post-progress of cold Charity now a-days, who (for Heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in a swift Motion that two at the least need be to stay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em I pray you, and be gone; if any Quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his Iron and Steel Tongue is as hard as the t'other's Latin one.

Old K. Stay, stay, Sir, I will talk a little with him first, let me alone with both, I will try whether they live by their Wits or no; for such a Man I love. And what? You both beg together then?

Prof. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.*

Ruin. With equal Fortunes, equal Distribution, there's not the Breadth of a Sword's Point uneven in our Division.

Sir Greg. What two Qualities are here cast away upon two poor Bellows, if a Man had 'em that could maintain 'em? What a double Man were that, if these two Fellows might be bought and sold, and build'd to a Jelly, and eaten fasting every Morning, I do not think but a Man should find strange thing in his Stomach.

Old K. Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of Pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a Man could have a pennyworth for his Penny, I would bestow more Money with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen. How now? What, are you encounter'd here? What Fellows are these?

Old K. Faith, Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a Pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their Wits, and we are e'en about a little Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay, Sir, you may abuse your Charity, nay, make that Goodness in you no better than a Vice; so many Deceivers walk in these Shadows now-a-days, that certainly your Bounties were better spilt, than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious Uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own Profession, Sir, and the dangerous Life he hath led in it, this Part of half-score Years.

Witty. In what Services have you been, Sir?

Ruin

*Ruin.* The fact that makes me believe, Sir, was that great Battle at *Marston* in *Northamptonshire*, where the noble English *Scholar* fell, and where that Royal *Swamp* *Scholar* ended his untimely Day.

*Witty.* Are you sure *Scholar* dy'd there?

*Ruin.* Faith, Sir, there was some other *Scholar* he dy'd amongst that he, wounded, offend, and offend on his Native Shore again, where finding his Country at home more distressed by the Invasion of the *Swamp*, he, *Scholar*, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate Life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

*Witty.* By my Faith, Sir, he speaks the sweetest Fane of Truth in this.

*Ruin.* Well, Sir, I serv'd in *France*, the *English*. Lastly, at that memorable *Skirmish* at *Marston*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his Life so freely, that *Scot* *Heart* that there fell, came home from his *Rebellion*, a double Honour to his Country.

*Witty.* This should be my Counterfeit, Sir.

*Old K.* I do not think he is, Sir.

*Witty.* But, Sir, might you do not show the Marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

*Ruin.* Sir, I have Wounds, and many, but in those Parts where Nature and Humanity bids me shame to publish.

*Witty.* A good Soldier cannot want those Badges.

*Sir Greg.* Now am not I of your Mind in that, for I hold him the best Soldier that scapes best; always at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest Knocks.

*Witty.* Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar, too; to ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learn'd, were no Question, at least, you can easily answer it; but whether you have Learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since Poverty is commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be try'd: You have the Languages, I mean the chief, as the *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latine*, &c.

*Pris.* *Aliquantulum; non totaliter, Domine.*

*Old K.* The *Latine* I have sufficiently try'd him in, And I promise you, Sir, he is very well grounded.

*Witty.* I will prove him in some of the Rest.

*Toia miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?*

*Pris.* *Kay yonkeren nigizton oy fouleroi Anglois.*

*Witty.* *Cheateron en biron?*

*Pris.* *Tous pollous strikeous, Angelo es, pee so.*

*Witty.* Certainly, Sir, a very excellent Scholar in this.

*Old K.* I do note a wonderful Readiness in him.

*Sir Greg.* I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out so long a Siege.

Sir, as is reported, against the Giant, if he had spoke but this language? I know not what he might have broken down the Walls in a seven night, and he's double the wooden Horse.

Witty. I will try him for what I can in the Evening.

*Reverendissima, fery deus in del mactis.*

*Pris. Hic michi videtur esse mactis.*

Witty. Speak Robust, gentlemen Sir.

*Pris. Hic michi videtur esse mactis.*

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any more that can go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

Sir Greg. Faith and Sir, I was at my furthest in my natural Language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard tongue.

Witty. Well, Gentlemen, in pity, (walk farther off from my Friends) I say, as my self I have said, so qualified with the Gifts of Nature and Art, yet should have such a Scarcity of Fortune's Benefits, we must blame our iron-hearted Age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our Pity shall speak a little for 'em; Come, Sir, here's my Groat.

Witty. A Groat, Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, I would better you rail'd on 'em for being so, and to quit your self; I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my Wits to live on.

Old K. Troth, and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better Example than so; here Fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were heavier for your sake, there's a Pair of Angels to guide you to your Lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

*Pris. Gratiar, maximas gratias, benignissimus Domine.*

Old K. This is an ill Example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to Day.

Sir Greg. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be a Soldier or Scholar while I live; here Friends, there's a Piece, that if he were divided, would make a Pair of Angels for me too, in the Love I bear to the Sword and the Tongue.

Old K. My Largess shall be equal too, and much good do you; this Bounty is a little Abatement of my Wit though, I feel that.

Rom. May Soldiers ever demand such Charities.

*Pris. And Scholars pray for their Increase.*

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, these Fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a Word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your Wits, if you use this Founty, you'll beggar your Wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, Sir, I hope to increase 'em by it, this Seed never wants his Harvest; fare you well, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Sir Greg. I think a Man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Beggar sometimes; I could find in my Heart



Heart to beg half mine back again. Can you change my Piece,  
my Friends?

*Pris. Tempus mutatur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

*Sir Greg.* My Gold is turn'd into Lewins.

*Enter Witty-pale.*

*Witty.* Look you good Fellows, here's one round Shilling more  
that lay conceal'd.

*Old K.* Sir, what shall be drawn back into Damage else?

*Sir Greg.* A Pox to you, you live by your Wit? *Witty.* I will  
leave him any Mony, but what he begs of me, I'll be  
hang'd for him.

*Ruin.* This half Parcel was well fetch'd off i' faith.

*Witty.* Tush, I'll blow for mine. We must have better Purchase,  
we want a fourth for another. *Ruin.* That's well ripen'd.

*Ruin.* My Wife she shares, and can deserve it.

*Witty.* She can change her Shape, and be a Quiline.

*Ruin.* 'Tis one of the sweetest Conditions, she fears not the crack  
of a Pistol, she dares say, Stand, to a Gun.

*Pris. Probarum sunt, & profecto damus.*

*Witty.* Good, then you *Sir Bachelor.* *Sollo* shall be dispatch'd  
with her share, and some Contents to meet us to Morrow, at a  
certain Place and Time appointed, in the Masculine Gender; my  
Father has a Nephew and I an own Cousin coming up from the  
University, whom he loves most indulgently, call'd Master *Grav-  
lous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meet *Academick* is) your  
Carrier never misses his blow, he must not be robb'd, because he  
has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a Device that I  
have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred Pieces, and thank me  
to be rid on't, for there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon  
his profess'd Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wit.

*Pris. Cum hirundine alis tibi regitator.*

*Witty.* A Male Habit, a Bag of an hundred Weight though it be  
Counters, for my *Alchimie* shall turn 'em into Gold of my Father's;  
the Hour, the Place, the Action shall be at large set down; and  
Father, you shall know, that I put my Portion to use, that you  
have given me to live by;

And to confirm your self in me renate,  
I hope you'll find my Wit's legitimate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Lady and Scroon.**Serv.* **N**AY Lady.

You cannot do a greater wrong to Woe,  
 For in the want, 'tis the most chief Affliction,  
 To have that Name remember'd, 'tis a Tine  
 That Misery mocks us by, and the Word's Mouth  
 Scorn and Contempt, 'tis not wherewith to wear  
 On humble callings, 'tis are Grief, and I've  
 Level with Pity still, and all the rest  
 Is no great Stranger to me, but when Fortune  
 Looks with a stormy Face on our condition,  
 We find Affliction Woe, and heavy Pain,  
 And our worst Enemy, that, most abuses us,  
 Is that we are call'd by, Lady. Oh my Spirit  
 Will nothing make thee weaker? I am well enough,  
 And can live quiet with my Fate sometimes,  
 Untill I look into the World again,  
 Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,  
 To see how many Muckhills plac'd above me;  
 Peasants and Droyles, Caroches full of Dung-hills,  
 Whose very Birth stinks in a generous Nostril,  
 Glistering by Night like Glow-worms through the High Streets,  
 Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-men's Hands,  
 That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,  
 And I put to my Shifts and Wits to live,  
 Nay sometimes Danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,  
 And earn my Supper manfully e'er I get it,  
 Many a Meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

*Enter Priscian.*

Fed with a Wound upon me, stamp'd at midnight:  
 Ha, what are you?

*Pris.* Now you may tell your self, Lady.*[Pulls off's Beard.**Lady.* Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the Project?

For you ne'er come without one.

*Pris.* First, your Husband,

Sir *Ruinous Gentry*, greets you with best wishes,  
 And here has sent you your full share by me  
 In five Cheats and two Robberies.

*Lady.* And what comes it to?*Pris.* Near upon thirteen Pound.*Lady.*

*Lady.* A goodly one, and I will put a Lady's name to Phillip and his name  
With three small Eagle's Legs, like a Golden Bird,  
Here's precious lifting.

*Pris.* 'Las you must confide in me, 'Tis but young Term, Attorney's small doings, yet,  
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs be little,  
We've had no great good luck to such trash, Beauty,  
Since your stout Ladyship put me to such a shame,  
But there's a fair hope now for a better match, I have  
Here's Miss's Angel, your Honor's daughter.

*Lady.* And what's the name of this young man?

*Pris.* Murry Lady, he's a young man of a name,  
You, he's a brave young fellow, and a goodly one,  
*Lady.* I robb'd?

*Pris.* Nay, he's a young man of a name, and a goodly one.

*Lady.* Well, he's a brave young fellow, and a goodly one.

*Pris.* Here's a seal of a Hundred, which indeed  
Are Counters of only some few hundred pence,  
Of white Money, 'th' Mount of a Hundred, and a goodly one.

*Lady.* So, what Saddle is that?

*Pris.* Monsieur Lotion's the name of it, and a goodly one.

*Lady.* That again?

You know well it's not a name, 'tis a name,  
How oft have I complain'd of this name, and a goodly one.

*Pris.* You may have Jacob's thigh, the name of it, and a goodly one.

You may have patch, the name of it, and a goodly one.

*Lady.* I'll be ready, and a goodly one.

Before you be, I'll be ready, and a goodly one.

Have their Wealth, and a goodly one.

To help my Fortune, and a goodly one.

*Lady.* I'll be ready, and a goodly one.

*Cur.* My ways are Goblin, and the Night-Elf

Still draws me from my home, yet I follow,

Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,

Such Haggs do get down from the Tongue,

So soon as we speak, the enchanted binds,

I have dissembled such a double of,

As my best Wits can hardly reach,

Piping through this odd and even of,

With purpose that my Harmony may reach

And please the Lady's Ear, the floor below,

And echoes back my Love unto my Lips,

Perswaded by most violent Arguments

Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,

To doat upon her hundred wrinkled Face,



I could beggar her to accept the Gifts  
 She would throw them down, and then she'd say  
 But for pity's sake I will be a Widow  
 And undo her, refusing to take further  
 I'm haunted again, if it take not  
 I'll break the Spell.

*Enter Guard.*

*Guard.* Sweet Gentleman, welcome.  
 What? a whole day's work? But that's but  
 Have a care to keep your eyes open.

*Cun.* That's granted.  
 But not continually to be so busy  
 'Less in the youngling's service, as they say  
 To fly abroad, and then to return  
 Then they return with further Appetite  
 To work again.

*Guard.* Well, well, you have built a Nest  
 That will stop all Storms, you need not fear  
 A weather-stack, and one day it may be  
 The Youngling's nest too, then  
 You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

*Cun.* There will be pains  
 I see to shake this Bur off, and free it.  
 Prithce how fares the Gentleman's good Friend,  
 Sir Gregory, the Captain's son?

*Guard.* No by my faith, nor in any kind, methinks  
 (Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a Fool.

*Cun.* May I faith, ne'er divide him from his  
 Small matter; Fool and Worship are  
 Strangers now-a-days; but my dear friend  
 Has he thy Lady's Countenance of late?  
 Looks she like a woman or what?  
 Have they as good hope of one another?  
 As, *Cupid* be true, we have?

*Guard.* Troth I know not,  
 I can perceive no forwardness in them,  
 But I protest I wish the Knight better  
 For your sake, Bird.

*Cun.* Why thanks sweet, for my Heart I wish,  
 That he had as strong and true a love  
 As thou hast of me.

*Guard.* Well, he's like to speed  
 Ne'er the worse for that good wish; and I'll tell you,  
 Bird, (for Secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)  
 My Charge thinks well of you.

*Cun.* Of me? for what?

*Guard.*

*Guard.* For my sake, I have heard her  
A hundred times, how she would love her  
The first best thing, I have heard her say  
I have heard her say, I would love her  
I have heard her say, I would love her  
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find  
Some Advancement, for my sake, I do believe  
*Car.* Faith be not fearing, tell me.

*Guard.* By my life,  
You shall perceive, that I were a thief  
If I should take all that I have  
Their Backs together.

*Car.* You must give me leave  
To look to her, I think  
*Guard.* But she is  
She must not be so  
It is sufficient for me  
For 'tis for my sake, if she be bound  
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

*Car.* I shall, I, knowing this, but to know  
Not to love her with my dearest Duty.

*Guard.* I, but you must not know it, if you tell  
All that I open to you, you'll find  
All of you may kiss your Hand, but I  
But I'll allow no nearer Conference.

*Car.* Well, you'll be jealous I perceive  
*Guard.* Jealous? why there's no true Love without it  
I must be jealous of thee, but for her  
(Were it within my Duty to my Master)  
I must trust her, and she shall be true  
And I dare swear her now to give a Virgin  
As e'er was welcome'd to a Marriage Bed;  
If Thoughts may be so, here are for  
*Car.* But where's the cause of your fear then?

*Guard.* Well, well,  
When things are past, and the Telling Torch  
Lighted at Matches, to the fire,  
Then I'll tell you more.

*Car.* Come, come, I see farther  
That if we were married, I should be jealous.

*Guard.* I protest I should a little, but not of her;  
It is the married Woman (if you mark it)  
And not the Maid that longs, the Appetite  
Follows the Lust, when we have relish  
We will change the Tongues pleas'd before;  
Then our desire is whether on to more.

But I reveal too much to you, I faith, and I am not a  
 Gossip, for a while, I faith, but I am not a Gossip, for a while, I faith,  
 I am not a Gossip, for a while, I faith, but I am not a Gossip, for a while, I faith,  
 Gossip, for a while, I faith, but I am not a Gossip, for a while, I faith,  
 But make not things common.  
 Cus. O' so, your Lady.  
 Guard. I, 'tis no more, they'll live well of this.  
 Our Familiarity is her Content.

*Neice.* This Present from Sir Gregory.  
*Clown.* From my Master, the Woodchopman.  
*Neice.* A Ruff? And what might be his high Conceit?

*Clown.* I think he had two Conceits in it, forsooth, one low, and one high, because as the Ruff does embrace you all day, so does he desire to throw his arms about you all day.

*Neice.* But then I leave him on a high conceit.  
*Clown.* Why then he is Ruff low, a Ruffian, a bold adventurous Errand to do any rough Service for his Lady.

*Neice.* A witty and happy Conceit, does he seem so?  
 As he seems to say unto that Reverend  
 He does wooe her face.

*Clown.* To tell you truth, Lady, his Conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.

*Neice.* Do you think so?  
*Clown.* Nay, I know it, forsooth, for it was the very thing that he compass'd it, to send a fitting Present for your Ladyship, he was sending out a very fine Puppy to you.

*Neice.* And that he would have brought his puppy to her?  
*Clown.* So he would indeed, but then he saw his Devil and sent this Ruff, requesting that she would bestow the Ruffing of it on you (with your own Hands) would bestow the Ruffing of it on you.

*Neice.* Else she woos him, now his Eyes shoot this way and that, And what was the Reason for that, Sir?

*Clown.* There lies his main Conceit, Lady, for says he, in so doing she cannot chuse but in the Ruffing and clap it often between her Hands, and so she gives him a great deal of Applause to my Present; whereas, if I should send her a puppy, she ever calls it to her with hiss, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace: he drew the Device from a Play at the Bull, rather than a puppy.

*Neice.* Ay marry, Sir, this was a nice Conceit indeed.

*Clown.* And far better, therefore good for you, Lady.

*Guard.* How now? which way look you, Bird?

*Cus.* At the Fool, Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

*Guard.* At the Fool, and I here? I need not look this way.

*Neice.*





*Clown.* If you had seen me swim this day on my back, you would have said you had seen a strange thing. *Guardian* said I saw me, and my *Love* by chance saw me, and she thought when they saw how I swam, that I was a Fool, and my *Master* said he be deceived.

*Neice.* They could do no less, for you say that you will walk together.

*Can.* Blindness of Love and Women, why I am deceived the Fool.

*Guard.* What's that to you, mind her not.

*Can.* A Foolish Boy.

*Guard.* How's that?

*Can.* Hang me in a net, for I have itchy claps.

On some dry food that will kindle with thee, and I will And burn together.

*Guard.* Oh, admirable!

Why do you not love me?

*Can.* No, never.

I took thee down a little way.

To castrate a Venus from my breast.

Now thou'rt up again, I loath thee.

*Guard.* Oh Villain!

*Can.* Why dost thou not be a fight,

Would make a Man abjure the sight of Women?

*Neice.* Ha, ha, ha, he's a villain, ha, ha, ha, he's a villain.

*Clown.* He's a villain.

*Neice.* Why dost thou laugh?

*Clown.* Because I laugh at nothing else I faith.

*Can.* She has but one of my folly, she she think not

of the dexterity of her body-wit.

*Neice.* Yes in troth, I thought to think of thy Master.

Now, what he would think if he knew this?

*Clown.* He would laugh at him as much as I do.

Fool to a Fool, though I say't that should not say't.

*Neice.* Yes, thou should'st say truth, and I believe thee.

Well, this time we'll part, you perceive something.

*Can.* Tongues betray our Hearts, there's our weakness,

we may be silent.

*Guard.* As Moule in the story of the Fool.

Look, we are caught, there's my hand where my Lips

would be.

*Clown.* I'll wink, and wink 'em thy Lips, farewell.

*Neice.* Now Guardian, I need not say where you have been.

*Guard.* Oh Lady, never was Woman so abused.

*Enter*

*Clara.* Dost thou think, my dear, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will, I will be your secret lover.

*Niece.* By no means, and I will be your secret friend.

*Clara.* If there be any need, you may call on me when I am gone, I may be convey'd into your Chamber, I'll lye under the Bed while Midnight, or you shall put me up in one of your little Boxes, that are cover'd with a small Hole.

*Niece.* There are many more not valueless, I love you as my Love, never come 'till I see you.

*Clara.* *Forbear* I am not enough to the point, nor I think it is not fit the Knight should know any thing yet.

*Niece.* By no means, may you go now, we are pressed.

*Clara.* For this night what are past, leave us our secrets.

*Niece.* Now I'll make a firm trial of you.  
As you love me, not a word more  
Not a Syllable, 'tis the Seal of Love, take heed.

*Clara.* Hum, hum, he is hum—  
He hums loath to depart.

*Niece.* So, this pleasing treacher's gone, and I am left alone.  
What, your Eyes eating out my Heart! the cruel Woman?

*Clara.* The Cause is plain, Madam, the Lady.  
I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle,  
A very Glo-worm, that I thought had set me free,  
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

*Niece.* And justly serv'd,  
Wouldst thou once think that such an empty Spring  
Would run upon thy Autumn?

*Clara.* Had you heard him but once.

*Niece.* I would not have believ'd him.  
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy Folly,  
In wanton Imitation with the Fool.

Go weep the Sin of thy Circularity,  
Not of thy Loss, for it was never thine,  
And it is gain to miss it, wert thou a Fool?

Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and incapable,  
Why, thou wert but the Bait to fish with, not  
The Fish, the Fale to catch another Bird with.

*Clara.* Indeed he call'd me Bird.

*Niece.* Yet thou perceiv'st it not,  
It is your Niece he loves, wouldst thou be made  
A stalking Jade? 'tis she, examine it.  
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my Path  
Over unbeatn Grounds, go level to the Mark,  
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing,  
And rare's but seldom in the simple Sense.

Box



But has her *Embargo* with *Eminence*.

[Exit.]

*Guard.* My Neice? Oh the Rival's abuse?  
My Flesh and Blood who's mine? I'll Aunt her for't.

Oh Opportunity, thou dost sell me.

Now Gentlewoman, are you parted so soon?

Where's your Friend, I pray? your *Cunningham*?

*Mir.* What say you, Aunt?

*Guard.* Come, come, your *Cunningham*.  
I am not blind, nor deaf, yet, nor dumb.

Oh Dumb, are sure you are not deaf, all you, Aunt?  
Are not you well?

*Guard.* No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my way, nor sleeping, nor  
waking, nor nothing, nor any thing; I know what I am, nor  
what I am not.

*Mir.* Mercy on me, what do you mean, Aunt?

*Guard.* I mean to be revenged.

*Mir.* On who?

*Guard.* On the *Widow*.

*Mir.* Revenge shall follow injury,  
Which never reaches so far as Thought in me  
Towards you, Aunt.

*Guard.* Your cunning, Minion,  
Nor your *Cunningham*, can either blind me.  
The gentle Beggar loves you. *Mir.* Beseech you,  
Let me stay your Error, I begin to hear,  
And shake off my Amazement; if you think  
That even any Passage of Love  
Hath been betwixt us, I commenc'd, my  
Silent Eye-Glance that might but sparkle Fire,  
So much as Brother and Sister might meet with,  
The Lip-salute, so much as Strangers might  
Take a Farewel with, the commixed Hands,  
Nay, but the least Thought of the least of these;  
In truth you wrong your *Bosome*, by that Truth  
Which I think yet you durst be Bail for in me,  
If it were offer'd ye; I am as free

As all this Protestation. *Guard.* May I believe this?

*Mir.* If ever you'll believe Truth; Why, I thought he had spoke  
Love to you, and if his Heart prompted his Tongue, sure I did hear  
so much.

*Guard.* Oh falsest Man, *Ixion's* Plague fell on me,  
Never by Woman, such a Masculine Cloud,  
So airy and so iustile was embrac'd.

*Mir.* By no cause in me, by my Life, dear Aunt.

*Guard.* I believe you, then help in my Revenge,

And

And you shall do't, or lose my Love forever; I  
I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapons;  
Thou art young, fellow him, but his Desires  
With all the Engines of a Woman's Wit,  
Stretch Modesty even to the highest Pitch;  
He cannot freeze at such a flaming Beauty;  
And when thou hast him by th' amorous Gills,  
Think on my Vengeance, choke up his Desires,  
Then let his Banquetings be *Tantalisms*.  
Let thy Dildain spurn the Dissembler out;  
Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,  
To see him burn to Ashes in his Love.

*Mir.* This will be a strange Task, Aunt, and an  
Unwilling Labour, yet in your Injunction  
I am a Servant to't. *Guard.* Thou'lt undertake't?

*Mir.* Yes, let the Success commend it self hereafter.

*Guard.* Effect it Girl, my Substance is thy Store.  
Nothing but want of Will makes Women poor. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.*

*Sir Greg.* Why *Pompey*, thou art not stark mad, art thou?  
Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady does?

*Clown.* Your Lady?

*Sir Greg.* Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no?

*Clown.* The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the thing  
that you sent, was for the thing's sake that was sent to carry the thing  
that you sent, very kindly receiv'd; first there is your Indenture,  
now go seek you a Servant: Secondly, you are a Knight; thirdly  
and lastly, I am mine own Man; and fourthly, fare you well.

*Sir Greg.* Why *Pompey*? Præthee let me speak with thee,  
I'll lay my Life some Hare has crost him.

*Clown.* Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as for the La-  
dy, who shall say that she is not a fair Lady, a sweet Lady, an ho-  
nest and a virtuous Lady, I will say he is a base Fellow, a blab of  
his Tongue, and I will make him eat these Fingers Ends.

*Sir Greg.* Why, here's no Body says so, *Pompey*.

*Clown.* Whatsoever things have pass between the Lady and the  
other Party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is vir-  
tuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain  
my self with Bread and Water.

*Sir Greg.* Why I know no Body thinks otherwise.

*Clown.* Any Man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make  
him think on't while he has a Thought in his Bosom; shall we say  
that Kindnesses from Ladies are common? Or that Favours and Pro-  
testations are things of no Moment berwixt Parties and Parties? I  
say still, whatsoever has been berwixt the Lady and the Party, which



I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by Day or by Night, by Light or by Darkness, with cut and long. I am.

*Sir Greg.* Why, I say she is honest.

*Clown.* Is she honest? In what Sense do you say she is honest, Knight?

*Sir Greg.* If I could not find in my Heart to throw my Dagger at thy Head, Hilt and all, I'm an Ass, and no Gentleman.

*Clown.* Throw your Dagger at me! Do not Knight, I give you fair Warning. 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other Words of me; the Lady is an honest Lady, whatsoever Reports may go of sports and Toys, and Thoughts and Words, and Deeds, betwixt her and the Party which I will not name; this I give you to understand, That another Man may have as good an Eye, as amorous a Nose, as fair a rampant Beard, and be as proper a Man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Pop; so Servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with Ladies, (though I name no Parties) as Sir Gregory Pop, so farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Greg.* If the Fellow be not out of his Wits, then will I never have any more Wit while I live; either the Sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his Sleep, or else's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, one of the three I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't she has not us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should; but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his Word for the best Word I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Lady Ruinous (as a Man) Witty-Pate, Sir Ruinous Priscian, and Master Credulous, binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs.*

*Credulous finishes the Bag.*

*L. Ruin.* Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your Pleasure How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat, You will not make that which is bad enough, Worse than it need be, by a second Ill, When it can render you no second Profit; If it be Coin you seek, you have your Prey, All my Store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred,) My Life, or any Hurt you give my Body, Can enrich you no more. *Witty.* You may pursue.

*L. Ruin.* As I am a Gentleman, I never will.

*Witty.* Only we'll bind you to quiet Behaviour 'Till you call out for Bail, and on th'other Side of the Hedge leave you; but keep the Peace 'Till we be out of hearing, for by that

We shall be out of Danger; if we come back

We come with a Mischiefe. *L. Ruin.* You need not fear me.

*Pris.* Come, we'll bestow you then. *[Exe. Ruin. Pris. and Lady.]*

*Witty.*



*Witty.* Why law you, Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue than *Sic probas, ergo's & igitur's* can bring in? Why is not this one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara? Omne utile est honestum.*

*Cred.* Well, Sir, a little more of this Acquaintance Will make me know you fully, I protest You have (at first sight) made me conscious Of such a Deed my Dreams ac'er prompted, yet I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad robb'd me Of my Cloak, (or my Purse, 'tis a Scholar's) Than to have made me a Robber.

I had rather have answer'd three difficult Questions, Than this one, as easie as yet it seems.

*Witty.* Tush, you shall never come to farther answer for't, Can you confess your penurious Uncle, In his full Face of Love, to be so strict

A Niggard to your Commons, that you are fain To fize your Belly out with Shoulder Fees? With Rumps and Kidnies, and Cues of single Beer, And yet make *Dowry* to feed more daintily, At this easier Rate? *Fie Master Credulous,*

I blush for you. *Cred.* This is a Truth undeniable!

*Witty.* Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle, How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

*Cred.* Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons, Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it, He would have been glad to have shar'd in such A Purchase, and thank'd his good Fortune too.

*Enter Ruminous and Priscian.*

But mum no more ——— is all safe, Bullies?

*Ruin.* Secure, the Gentleman thinks himself most happy in his Loss, With his safe Life and Limbs, and redoubles His first Vow, as he is a Gentleman,

Never to pursue us. *Wit.* Well away then, Dispende you with Master *Credulous*, who still Shall bear the Purchase, *Priscian* and I

Will take some other Course: You know our Meeting At the three Cups in *St. Giles's*, with our *Frouse*, (For 'tisa Law with us) that nothing be open'd: Till all be present, the Loser says a hundred, And it can weigh no less.

*Ruin.* Come, Sir, we'll be your Guide.

*Cred.* My Honesty, which 'till now was never forfeited, All shall be close 'till our Meeting. [Exit *Cred.* and *Ruin*]

*Witty.* Tush, I believe't, And then all shall out, where's the Thief that's robb'd?

*Dr*

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Ruinous.*

*L. Ruin.* Here, Master Oldcraft, all follows now.

*Witty.* 'Twas neatly done, Wench, now to turn that Bag of Counterfeits to current Pieces, & *allus off.*

*L. Ruin.* You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the Fire still, If you can mingle the Ingredient.

*Witty.* I will not miss a Cause, a Quantity, a Dram; You know the Place. *Pris.* I have told her that, Sir.

*Witty.* Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure We want not Beards of all sorts, from the Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman; Because we must have no Danger of Life, But a cleanly Cheat, attach *Credulous*, The Cause is plain, the Theft found about him; Then fall I in his own Cousin's Shape By meer Accident, where finding him distress'd, I with some Difficulty must fetch him off, With Promise that his Uncle shall shut up all With double Restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*, His Mouth shall be stop't, you Mistress rob-thief, Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of, Is't plain enough?

*L. Ruin.* As plain a Cozenage as can be, faith.

*Witty.* Father, I come again, and again, when this Is past too, Father, one will beget another, I'd be loath to leave your Posterity barren; You were best come to Composition, Father, Two hundred Peces yearly allow me yet, It will be the cheaper, Father, than my Wit, For I will cheat none but you, dear Father.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.*

*Old K.* **W**HAT now you take the Cause, Sir Gregory? I could enforce her, and I list; but Love

That's gently won, is a Man's own for ever; Have you prepar'd good Musick?

*Sir Greg.* As fine a Noise, Uncle, as Heart can wish.

*Old K.* Why that's done like a Doctor, They must be woo'd a hundred several Ways, Before you obtain the right way in a Woman, 'Tis an odd Creature, full of Creeks and Windings,

The



The Serpent has not more, for sh'as all his,  
And then her own beside came in by her Mother.

*Sir Greg.* A fearful Portion for a Man to venture on.

*Old K.* But the way found once by the Wits of Men,  
There is no Creature lyes so tame again.

*Sir Greg.* I promise you, not a House-Rabbit, Sir.

*Old K.* No fackler on them all. *Sir Greg.* What a thing's that?  
They're pretty Fools I warrant, when they're tame,  
As a Man can lay his Lips to.

*Old K.* How were you bred, Sir?

Did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?

*Sir Greg.* Never i'faith, they ha' made some Fools for me,  
And brought 'em many a time under their Aprons.

*Old K.* They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,  
To make a Fool again. *Sir Greg.* There's Fools enough, Sir,  
'Lest they were wiser. *Old K.* This is wondrous rare.

Come you to London with a Maiden-head, Knight?  
A Gentleman of your Rank ride with a Cloak-bag?

Never an Hostels by the way to leave it with?  
Nor Tapster's Sister? Nor Head Officer's Wife?

What, no Body?

*Sir Greg.* Well mock'd, old Wit-monger,  
I keep it for your Neice.

*Old K.* Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee;  
A Wife ne'er looks for't, as a Bachelor's Penny,

He may give't to a Beggar-wench, i' th' Progress time,  
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [Exit.

*Sir Greg.* Would I had known so much,  
I could ha' stop't a Beggar's Mouth by th' way.

*Enter Page and Miller.* *Page.* Good name W. and I  
That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing, ne'er said  
What, are they come? *Page.* And plac'd directly, Sir,  
Under her Window.

*Sir Greg.* What may I call you, Gentleman?

*Boy.* A poor Servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

*Sir Greg.* In good time, Master Voice?

*Boy.* Indeed good time does get the Mastery.

*Sir Greg.* What Countryman, Master Voice?

*Boy.* Sir, born at Ely, we all set up in Ely.

But our House commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.

*Sir Greg.* A shrewd Place by my Faith, so may well  
break your Voice.

It breaks many a Man's Back; come, let to your Business.

SONG.



## SONG.

Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear  
 I should invite you to worse Cheer;  
 In your Dreams you cannot fare  
 As sweet as Musick; no compare;  
 None of your Slumbers are compar'd  
 Under the Pleasure makes a Child;  
 Your Day-delights, so well compact,  
 That what you think, turns all to art:  
 I'd wish my Life no better Play,  
 Your Dreams by Night, your Thought by Day.  
 Wake gently, wake,  
 Part softly from your Dreams;  
 The Morning flies  
 To your fair Eyes,  
 To take her special Beams.

*Sir Greg.* I hear her up; here Master Poise,  
 Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,

*Enter Neice above.*

To keep you when you're crackt.

*[Exit Boy.]*

*Neice.* Who should this be,  
 That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?  
 Pray Heav'n it happens right.

*Sir Greg.* Good morrow, Mistress.

*Neice.* An ill Day and a thousand come upon thee.

*Sir Greg.* 'Light, that's six hundred more than any Almanack has.

*Neice.* Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick  
 That ever Woman heard.

*Sir Greg.* Nay, say not so, Lady,

There's not an itch about 'em.

*Neice.* I could curse

My attentive Powers, for giving entrance to't;

There is no boldness like the Impudence

That's lockt in a Fool's Blood; how durst you do this?

In Conscience I shud' you as sufficiently

As Woman could a Man; insatiate Coxcomb,

The Mocks and spiteful language I have given thee,

Would o' my Life ha' serv'd ten reasonable Men,

And rise contented too, and left enough for their Friends,

Thou Glutton at Abuses, never satisfied?

I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts

Than all thy Body's worth, and still a hungred!

A mischief of that Maw, prethee seek elsewhere,

In troth I am weary of abusing thee;

Get thee a fresh Mistress, thou'dst make work enough;

I do not think there's Scorn enough in Town

To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,  
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

*Sir Greg.* Is this in earnest, Lady? *Neice.* Oh unsatiable!

Dost thou count all this but an Earnest yet?

I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole Sum, trust me;

Thou'lt beggar my Derision utterly

If thou stay it longer, I shall want a Laugh:

If I knew where to borrow a Contempt

Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou should'st then:

But thou'st no Conscience now to extort hate from me,

When one has spent all she can make upon thee;

Must I begin to pay thee hire again,

After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

*Sir Greg.* Say you so? I'll know that presently.

[Exit.]

*Neice.* Now he runs

To fetch my Uncle to this musty Bargain,

But I have better ware always at hand.

And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

*Enter Cunningham.*

*Cun.* I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn

What Entertainment he receiv'd from her.

*Neice.* There's some Body set already, I must to't, I see

Well, well, Sir Gregory? *Cun.* Ha, Sir Gregory?

*Neice.* Where-e'er you come, you may well boast your Conquest.

*Cun.* She's lost Faith, enough, has Fortune then

Remembred her great Boy? she seldom fails 'em.

*Neice.* H'was the unlikeliest Man at first, methought,

To have my Love, we never met but wrangled.

*Cun.* A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,

I never knew it fail yet, where-e'er't came;

It never comes but like a Storm of Hail,

'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the Tail on't,

There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,

It fights 't' th' Tongue, but sure to agree 't' th' Haunches.

*Neice.* That Man that should ha' told me when time was,

I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously,

But see how things will change?

*Cun.* Here's a Heart feels it — Oh the deceitful promises of

What trust should a Man put 't' th' Lip of Woman?

(Love!

She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant

To ha' set the fair print of her Soul upon me.

*Neice.* I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a Match on't.

*Cun.* I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,

Why should I aim my Thoughts at better fortunes

Than younger Brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,

Or some old Soap-boiler's Widow, without Teeth,

There



There waits my Fortune for me; seek no farther.

[Exit Con.]

*Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.*

*Old K.* You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be,  
She will not, nor she dares not.

*Sir Greg.* Would I were whipt then.

*Neice.* I'll make as little shew of love, *Sir Gregory*,  
As ever Woman did, you shall not know  
You have my Heart a good while. *Old K.* Heard you that?

*Neice.* Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,  
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,  
I've much ado I swear, and love i'th' end  
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,  
They are but frail things 'till they end in Man.

*Old K.* What say you to this, *Sir*?

*Sir Greg.* This is somewhat handsome.

*Neice.* And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,  
Now I shall try how constant his Love is,  
Although't went sore against my Heart to chide him.

*Sir Greg.* Alas poor Gentlewoman.

*Old K.* Now you're sure of Truth,  
You hear her own Thoughts speak. *Sir Greg.* They speak indeed.

*Old K.* Go, you're a brainless Coax, a Toy, a Pop,  
I'll go no farther than your Name, *Sir Gregory*,  
I'll right my self there; were you from this Place,  
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you;  
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neice and I?  
Good morrow, Neice, good morrow.

*Neice.* Many fair ones to you, *Sir*.

*Old K.* Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neice, this Morning?  
An idle shallow Fool: Sleep'st thou well, Girl?  
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,  
For Honesty has left thee little Manners.

*Sir Greg.* How am I bang'd o' both sides?

*Old K.* Abuse kindness? Will't take the Air to day, Neice?

*Neice.* When you please, *Sir*,  
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,  
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.)

*Old K.* La' you; do you heart continued to your Teeth now?  
A pox of all such Gregories; what a hand  
Have I with you? [Neice lets fall her Scarf.]

*Sir Greg.* No more i' seek, I ha' done, *Sir*:  
Lady, your Scarf's fall'n down.

*Neice.* 'Tis but your luck, *Sir*,  
And does preface the Mistress must fall shortly;  
You may wear it, and you please.

*Old K.* There's a trick for you,

You're



You're parlously belov'd, you should complain.

*Sir Greg.* Yes when I complain, Sir,

Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

*Old K.* You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Greg.* Ah Sirrah, Mistress were you caught, i'faith?

We overheard you all, I must not know

I have your Heart, take heed o' that, I pray,

I knew some Scarf would come.

*Neice.* He's quite gone sure:

Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?

And so abus'd as thou wast?

*Sir Greg.* How? *Neice.* 'Twould ha' kill'd

A sensible Man, he would ha' gone to his Chamber

And broke his Heart, by this time.

*Sir Greg.* Thank you heartily.

*Neice.* Or fix a naked Rapier in a Wall;

Like him that earn'd his Knighthood e'er he had it,

And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' Hilt.

*Sir Greg.* Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up to't,  
I never profess'd running i' my Life.

*Neice.* What art thou made on? thou tough villainous Vermin!  
Will nothing destroy thee?

*Sir Greg.* Yes, yes, assure your self

Unkind Words may do much.

*Neice.* Why, dost thou want 'em?

I've e'en consum'd my Spleen to help thee to 'em:

Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?

I'll see what I can do yet.

*Sir Greg.* I'm much beholding to you,

You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

*Neice.* I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

*Sir Greg.* I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,

All the while your Uncle was here.

*Neice.* Why there thou betray'st thy House; we of the *Old-Crafts*  
Were born to more Wit than so.

*Sir Greg.* I wear your Favour here.

*Neice.* Would it might rot thy Arm off: If thou knew'st  
With what contempt thou hast it, what Heart's bitterness,  
How many cunning Curses came along with it,  
Thou'dst quake to handle it.

*Sir Greg.* A pox, take't again then;

Who'd be thus plagu'd of all Hands? *Neice.* No, wear't still,  
But long I hope thou shalt not, 'tis but cast  
Upon thee, purposely to serve another  
That has more right to't; as in some Countries they convey  
Their Treasure upon Asses to their Friends;

If mine be but so wise, and apprehensive,  
 As my Opinion gives him to my Heart;  
 It stays not long on thy desertless Arm;  
 I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, nor dare to wear  
 Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;  
 Kifs it you may, and make what shew you can,  
 But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,  
 And so good morrow to you. [Exit.]

*Sir Greg.* Hu hum, ha hum;  
 I han't the Spirit now to dash my Brain out,  
 Nor the Audacity to kill my self,  
 But I could cry my Heart out, that's as good,  
 For so't be out, no matter which way it comes,  
 If I can dye with a fillip, or depart  
 At hot-cockles, what's that to any Man?  
 If there be so much Death that serves my turn there,  
 Every one knows the state of his own Body,  
 No Carrion kills a Kite, but then again  
 There's Cheese will choak a Daw; time I were dead i' faith.  
 If I knew which way, without hurt or danger,  
 I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look  
 Upon a naked Weapon with any Modesty,  
 Else 'twould go hard with me, and to complain  
 To *Sir Perfidious* the old Knight again,  
 Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,  
 But ne'er believe me.

*Enter Cunningham.*

And few Men dye o' beating, that were lost too:  
 Oh, here's my Friend, I'll make my moan to him.

*Cun.* I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart,  
 That treads mine down; was ever Man so fool'd  
 That profess'd Wit?

*Sir Greg.* O Cunningham? *Cun.* Sir Gregory?  
 The Choice, the Victor, the Town's happy Man?

*Sir Greg.* 'Snigs, What dost mean? come I to thee for Comfort,  
 And dost abuse me too? *Cun.* Abuse you? How, Sir?  
 With justifying your Fortune, and your Joys?

*Sir Greg.* Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,  
 You come with a new way now; strike me merrily,  
 But when a Man's sore beaten o' both sides already,  
 Then the least rap in Jest goes to the Guts on him:  
 Wilt ha' the Truth? I'm made the rankest Ass  
 That e'er was born to Lordships. *Cun.* What? no Sir?

*Sir Greg.* I had not thought my Body could a yielded  
 All those foul scurvy Names that she has call'd me,  
 'wonder whence she fetch'd 'em. *Cun.* Is this credible?

*Sir Greg.*

*Sir Greg.* She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Uncle;  
But his Back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't,  
The very brawn of mine Arm has ake'd ever since,  
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't still,  
But hop'd I should not long; if good Luck serve,  
I should meet one that has more Wit and Worth  
Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,  
And sent to him for a Token.

*Cun.* I conceit it, I know the Man  
That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,  
In any case, you are way-laid about it.

*Sir Greg.* How Sir, way-laid? *Cun.* Pox of a Scarf, say I,  
I prize my Friend's Life 'bove a Million on 'em,  
You shall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

*Sir Greg.* If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,  
'Lass, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me.

*Cun.* No, no, give me't, the Knave shall miss his purpose,  
And you shall live. *Sir Greg.* I would as long as I could, Sir.

*Cun.* No more Replies, you shall, I'll prevent this,  
*Pompey* shall march without it. *Sir Greg.* What, is't he?  
My Man that was? *Cun.* Call him your deadly Enemy;  
You give him too fair a Name, you deal too nobly,  
He bears a bloody Mind, a cruel Foe, Sir;  
I care not if he heard me.

*Sir Greg.* But, do you hear, Sir?  
Can't sound with Reason he should affect him?

*Cun.* Do you talk of Reason? I never thought to have heard  
Such a Word come from you. Reason in Love?  
Would you give that no Doctor could e'er give?  
Has not a Deputy married his Cook Maid?  
An Alderman's Widow, one that washes her Turn-broach?  
Nay, has not a great Lady brought her Stable  
Into her Chamber: Lay with her Horse-keeper?

*Sir Greg.* Did ever Love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

*Cun.* Oh'thouands, thousands; beware a sturdy Clown e'er while  
you live, Sir;

'Tis like a Huswifery in most Shires about us;  
You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen  
Much like your self, but put 'em to no stress:  
What work can they do, with small Trap-stick Legs,  
They keep Clowns to stop Gaps and drive in Pegs,  
A drudgery fit for Hinds; e'en back again, Sir,  
You're safest at returning. *Sir Greg.* Think you so, Sir?

*Cun.* But how came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first?

*Sir Greg.* Push, one Goodman *Cesar*, a Pump-maker, kers'en'd him;  
*Pompey* he writes himself, but his right Name's *Pumpey*,



And flunk too when I had him, now he's crank.

*Can.* I'm glad I know so much to quell his Pride, Sir:  
Walk you still that way. I'll make use of this  
To resolve all my Doubts, and place this Favour  
On some new Mistress, only for a try,  
And if it meet my Thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I.

*Sir Greg.* Is Pompey grown so malepert, so frampel?  
The only cutter about Ladies Honour?

*Enter Old Knight.*

And his blade soonest out?

*Old K.* Now, what's the News, Sir?

*Sir Greg.* I dare not say but good, oh excellent good, Sir.

*Old K.* I hope now you're resolv'd the loves you, Knight?

*Sir Greg.* Cuda me, what else, Sir? that's not to do now.

*Old K.* You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,  
When you bely'd her Goodness, oh you vex me  
Even to a Palsey.

*Sir Greg.* What a thing was that, Sir?

*Enter Neice.*

*Neice.* 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of Sweetness, the Scarf's  
Worthy wife Friend, I doat upon thy cunning, (gone,

We two shall be well match'd, our Issue Male sure

Will be born Counsellors; is't possible?

Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;

Nay, since the way's found, pity thou should'st want, Faith,

O my best joy and dearest. *Old K.* Well said, Neice,

So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do

In secret then? *Sir Greg.* Marry call me Slave and Rascal.

*Neice.* Your Scarf—the Scarf I gave you—

*Old K.* Mass that's true, Neice,

I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarf she gave you—Sir,

What Dumb? No Answer from you? the Scarf?

*Sir Greg.* I was way-laid about it, my Life threatened;

Life's Life, Scarf's but a Scarf, and so I parted from't.

*Neice.* Unfortunate Woman! My first Favour too?

*Old K.* Will you be still an Ass? no Reconcilement

'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fallen out

You'll never come together? I tell you true,

I'm very lousily asham'd on you,

That's the worst shame that can be:

Thus baiting on him: Now his Heart's hook'd in,

I'll make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing.

I love a Man that lives by his Wits alive;

Nay leave, sweet Neice, 'tis but a Scarf, let it go.

*Neice.* The going of it never grieves me, Sir,

It is the manner, the manner—

*Sir Greg.*

*Wit at several Weapons.*

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*Sir Greg.* O dissembling Marmaset! If I durst speak,  
Or could be believ'd when I speak,  
What a Tale could I tell, to make Hair stand upright now?

*Niece.* Nay, Sir, at your Request you shall perceive, Uncle,  
With what renewing Love I forgive this:  
Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long  
You can keep that?

*Sir Greg.* Not very long, you know't too,  
Like a cunning Witch as you are.

*Niece.* Y'are best let him ha' that too.

*Sir Greg.* So I were, I think there were no living else,  
I thank you, as you have handled the Matter.

*Old K.* Why this is musical now, and *Tuesday* next  
Shall tune your Instruments, that's the Day set.

*Niece.* A Match, good Uncle. *Old K.* Sir, you hear me too?

*Sir Greg.* Oh very well, I'm for you.

*Niece.* What e'er you hear, you know my Mind:

[*Exe. Old Knight and Niece.*]

*Sir Greg.* Ay, a——on't, too well; if I do not wonder how we  
two shall come together, I'm a Bear-whelp. He talks of *Tuesday*  
next, as familiarly as if we lov'd one another, but 'tis as unlikely to  
me, as 'twas seven Year before I saw her; I shall try his Cunning,  
it may be he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need  
to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do't; I look  
to have this Diamond taken from me very speedily, therefore I'll  
take it off o' my Finger, for if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that  
too.

[*Extr.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Old Knight and Witty-Pate.*

*Old K.* O H Torture! Torture! Thou carry'st a Sting i'th' thy  
Tail,

Thou never brought'st good News i'thy Life yet,  
And that's an ill Quality, leave it when thou wilt.

*Witty.* Why you receive a Blessing the wrong way, Sir,  
Call you not this good News? to save at once, Sir,  
Your Credit and your Kinsman's Life together?  
Would it not vex your Peace, and gaul your Worth,  
T'have one of your Name hang'd?

*Old K.* Peace, no such Words, Boy.

*Witty.* Be thankful for the Blessing of Prevention then. (*Bravo;*

*Old K.* Le'me see, there was none hang'd out of our House since  
I ha' search'd both *Stow*, and *Hollingshead*.

*Witty.*



*Witty.* O Sir,

*Old K.* I'll see what *Polychronicon* says anon too.

*Witty.* 'Twas a miraculous Fortune that I heard on't.

*Old K.* I would thou'dst never heard on't.

*Witty.* That's true too,

So it had ne'er been done, to see the Luck on't,

He was even brought to Justice *Aurum's* Threshold,

There had flown forth a *Misericordia* straight for *Newgate*;

And note the Fortune too, Sessions a *Thursday*,

Jury call'd out a *Fryday*, Judgment a *Saturday*,

Dungeon a *Sunday*, *Tyburn* a *Monday*,

Miseries quotidian Ague, when't begins once,

Every Day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.

*Old K.* No more, I say, 'tis an ill Theam; where dost you him?

*Witty.* He's i'th' Constable's Hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,

Poor Gentleman, and his Accuser with him.

*Old K.* What's he?

*Witty.* A Judge's Son 'tis thought, so much the worse too,

He'll hang his Enemy, and't shall cost him nothing,

That's a great Privilege. *Old K.* Within there?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir?

*Old K.* Call up the Folks i'th' Hall. I had such Hope on him,

For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for,

Therefore erected all my Joys in him,

Got a *Welsh* Benefice in Reversion for him,

Dean of *Cardigan*, has his Grace already,

He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a Hair on's Face,

*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable) and Lady Gentry*

*as a Man.*

Like a *French* Vicar, and does he bring such Fruits to Town with  
A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you. (him?)

*Witty.* Nay, sweet Sir, you're vext now; you'll grieve him,  
And hurt your self.

*Old K.* Away, I'll hear no Counsel;

Come you but once in seven Year to your Uncle,

And at that time must you be brought home too?

And by a Constable? *Witty.* Oh speak low, Sir,

Remember your own Credit, you profess

You love a Man o' Wit, begin at home, Sir,

Express it i' your self. *Lady.* Nay, Master Constable,

Shew your self a wise Man, 'gainst your Nature too.

*Ruin.* Sir, no Dish Porridgment, we have brought home  
As good Men as ye.

*Old K.* Our, a *North-Britain* Constable, that Tongue  
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already;

Are



Are you the Gentleman?

*L. Ruin.* The unfortunate one, Sir,  
That fell into the Power of merciless Thieves,  
Whereof this Fellow, whom I'd call your Kinsman  
As little as I could, for the fair Reverence  
I owe to Fame and Years, was the prime Villain.

*Old K.* A wicked Prime.

*Witty.* Nay, not so loud, sweet Father.

*L. Ruin.* The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em,  
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it,  
And 'twas my Luck to light upon this first.

*Old K.* A Cambridge Man for this? these your Degrees, Sir?  
Nine Years at University for this Fellowship?

*Witty.* Take you Voice lower, dear Sir.

*Old K.* What's your Loss, Sir?

*L. Ruin.* That which offends to repeat, the Mony's whole, Sir,  
'Tis i'th' Constable's Hands there, a seal'd hundred,  
But I will not receive it. *Old K.* No? Not the Mony, Sir,  
Having confest 'tis all? *L. Ruin.* 'Tis all the Mony, Sir,  
But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me,  
They took a Diamond hung at my Shirt String,  
Which fear of Life made me forget to hide,  
It being the sparkling Witness of a Contract  
'Twixt a great Lawyer's Daughter and my self.

*Witty.* I told you what he was: What does the Diamond  
Concern my Cousin, Sir? *L. Ruin.* No more did the Mony,  
But he shall answer all now. *Witty.* There's your Conscience,  
It shews from whence you sprung. *L. Ruin.* Sprung? I had leapt a  
Had I leapt some of your Alliance. *Witty.* Slave! (Thief,

*L. Ruin.* You prevent me still. *Old K.* 'Shid, Son, are you mad?

*L. Ruin.* Come, come, I'll take a legal Course.

*Old K.* Will you undo us all? What's your Demand, Sir?  
Now we're in's Danger too. *L. Ruin.* A hundred Mark, Sir,  
I will not bate a Doit. *Witty.* A hundred Rascals.

*L. Ruin.* Sir, find 'em out in your own Blood, and take 'em.

*Witty.* Go take your Course, follow the Law, and spare not.

*Old K.* Does Fury make you drunk? Know you what you say?

*Witty.* A hundred Dogs drings, do your worst.

*Old K.* You do, I'm sure: Who's loud now?

*Witty.* What, his own asking? *Old K.* Not in such a Case?

*Witty.* You shall have but threescore Pound; spite a your Teeth,  
I'll see you hang'd first.

*Old K.* And what's seven pound more, Man?  
That all this coil's about? stay, I say, he shall ha't.

*Witty.* It is your own, you may do what you please with it;  
Pardon my Zeal, I would ha' sav'd you Mony,

Give

Give him all his own asking? *Old K.* What's that to you, Sir?  
 Be sparing of your own, teach me to pinch  
 In such a case as this? go, go, live by your Wits, go.

*Witty.* I practise all I can. *Old K.* Follow you me, Sir.  
 And Master Constable, come from the Knave,  
 And be a witness of a full Recompence.

*Witty.* Pray stop the Constable's Mouth, what e'er you do, Sir.

*Old K.* Yet again? as if I meant not to do that my self,  
 Without your Counsel? As for you, precious Kinsman,  
 Your first Years Fruits in *Wales* shall go to rack for this,  
 You lie not in my House, I'll pack you out,  
 And pay for your Lodging rather. [*Exe. Knight, Ruin. and Lady.*]

*Witty.* Oh fie, Cousin,

These are ill courses, you a Scholar too?

*Cred.* I was drawn into't most unfortunately,  
 By filthy deboist Company, *Witty.* I, I, I.  
 'Tis even the spoil of all our Youth in *England*.  
 What were they, Gentlemen?

*Cred.* Faith so like some on 'em,  
 They were ev'n the worse again. *Witty.* Hum.

*Cred.* Great Tobacco whiffers,  
 They would go near to rob with a Pipe in their Mouths.

*Witty.* What, no?

*Cred.* Faith leave it, Cousin, because Rascals use it.

*Witty.* So they do Meat and Drink; must worthy Gentlemen  
 Refrain their Food for that? an honest Man  
 May eat of the same Pig some Parson dines with,  
 A Lawyer and a Fool feed of one Woodcock,  
 Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;  
 'Tis not Meat, Drink, or Smoak, Dish, Cup, or Pipe,  
 Co-operates to the making of a Knave,  
 'Tis the Condition makes a Slave, a Slave,  
 There's *London* Philosophy for you; I tell you Cousin,  
 You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,  
 In your Society here, especially  
 When you come raw from the University,  
 Before the World has harden'd you a little;  
 For as a butter'd Loaf is a Scholar's Breakfast there,  
 So a poacht Scholar is a Cheater's Dinner here;  
 I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meal.

*Cred.* Why a poacht Scholar?

*Witty.* 'Cause he pours himself forth,  
 And all his Secrets, at the first Acquaintance,  
 Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' Shell,  
 But is out-stript of all he has at first,  
 And goes down glib, he's swallowed with sharp Wit,



'Stead of Wine Vinegar. *Cred.* I shall think, Cousin,  
O' your poacht Scholar, while I live.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Master Credulous,

Your Uncle wills you to forbear the House.

You must with me, I'm charg'd to see you plac'd

In some new Lodging about *Thirving-Lane*.

What the Conceit's, I know not, but commands you

To be seen here no more, 'till you hear further.

*Cred.* Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

*Witty.* This is the World, Cousin;

When a Man's Fame's once poison'd, fare thee well, Lad.

*[Exe. Cred. and Servant.]*

This is the happiest Cheat I e'er claim'd share in,

It has a two-fold Fortune, gets me Coin,

And puts him out of Grace, that stood between me,

My Father's *Cambridge* Jewel, much suspected

To be his Heir, now there's a Bar in's hopes.

*Enter Ruinous and Lady Gentry.*

*Ruin.* It chinks, make haste.

*Lady.* The Goat at *Smithfield Pens*.

*Enter Cunningham.*

*- Wit.* Zo, zo, sufficient. Master *Cunningham*?

I never have ill luck when I meet a Wit.

*Cun.* A Wit's better to meet, than to follow, then,

For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;

But commonly Men unfortunate to themselves,

Are luckiest to their Friends, and so may I be.

*Wit.* I run o'er so much Worth, going but in haste from you,

All my deliberate Friendship cannot equal.

*Cun.* 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes

*Enter Mirabel.*

Your Modesty a top of all your Virtues.

*[Exit Wit.]*

This Gentleman may pleasure me yet again;

I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd Hat,

Of the last progress block, with the young Hat-band,

Made for a sucking Devil of two years old,

I know not where to turn my self.

*Mir.* Sir? *Cun.* More Torture?

*Mir.* 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.

*Cun.* A my troth Gentlewoman,

Rumour's as false a Knave as ever pist then,

Pray tell him so from me; I cannot feign

With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

*Mir.* I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,

And that makes me more confident.



*Cun.* There's no Falshood,  
But pays us our own some way, I confess  
I feign'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,  
But not with thee, I swear. *Mir.* Nor I wish you then,  
Although my Aunt enjoy'd me to dissemble,  
To right her Spleen. I love you faithfully.

*Cun.* Light, this is worse than 'twas.

*Mir.* I find such Worth in you,  
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,  
For fear the flame consume me. *Cun.* Here's fresh trouble,  
This drives me to my Conscience, for 'tis foul  
To injure one that deals directly with me.

*Mir.* I crave but such a truth from your Love, Sir,  
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

*Cun.* A good Geometrician, threw my Heart;  
Why are you out o' your Wits, pretty plump Gentlewoman,  
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great Happiness,  
Love has made one on's wiser than another,  
We should be both cast away else;  
Yet I love Gratitude, I must requite you,  
I shall be sick else, but to give you me,  
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,  
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;  
No wise Physician will prescribe me for you.  
Alas, your State is weak, you had need of Cordials,  
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son and Heir,  
An elder Brother, in a Cull sic, whole,  
'T must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a Jelly,  
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,  
French Ruffs, and mutable Head-tires,

*Mir.* But, where is he, Sir?  
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

*Cun.* Then see thy Conscience, and thy Wit together:  
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?  
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder?  
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?  
Full Satisfaction upon Love's Record,  
Without any more Suit, if I combine you?

*Mir.* Yes, by this honest Kiss. *Cun.* You're a wise Clyent,  
To pay your Fee before-hand, but all do so,  
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

*Mir.* I know he's a Fool.

*Cun.* You're shrewdly hurt then;  
This is your Comfort, your great wisest Women  
Pick their first Husband still out of that House,  
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

*Mir.*

*Mr.* 'Tis of their Minds, that like him for a Husband  
To run Youth's Race with, 'tis very pleasant,  
But when I'm old, I'd always wish for a wiser.

*Can.* You may have me by that time:

For this first Business,  
Rest upon my Performance;

*Mr.* With all thankfulness.

*Can.* I have a Project you must aid me in too.

*Mr.* You bind me to all lawful Action, Sir.

*Can.* Pray wear this Scarf about you.

*Mr.* I conjecture now ———

*Can.* There's a Court Principle for't, one Office must help another;  
As for Example, for your cast o' Marchins out o'th' Pantry,  
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchen.

*Mr.* 'Tis very sociably done, Sir; farewell Performance,  
I shall be bold to call you so.

*Can.* Do, sweet Confidence.

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

If I can match my two broad brim'd Hats;  
'Tis he, I know the maggot by his Head;  
Now shall I learn News of him, my precious Chief.

*Sir Greg.* I have been seeking for you i'th' Bowling Green,  
Enquir'd at *Nettletons* and *Anthony's* Ordinary,  
T'ha's vext me to th' Heart, look, I've Diamond here,  
And it cannot find a Master. *Can.* No? that's hard i'faith.

*Sir Greg.* It does belong to somebody, a ——— on him,  
I would he had it, does but trouble me,  
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,  
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.

*Can.* Oh, oh, ah Sirrah, are you come?

*Sir Greg.* What's that, Friend?

*Can.* Do you note that Corner Sparkle?

*Sir Greg.* Which? Which? Which, Sir?

*Can.* At the West End o'th' Collar.

*Sir Greg.* Oh I see't now.

*Can.* 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the Stone, Sir,  
That so much Blood is threat'ned to be shed for.

*Sir Greg.* I pray. *Can.* A Tun at least.

*Sir Greg.* They must not find't i'me then, they must  
Go where 'tis to be had.

*Can.* 'Tis well it came to my Hands first, Sir Gregory,  
I know where this must go.

*Sir Greg.* Am I discharg'd on't?

*Can.* My Life for yours now.

*Sir Greg.* What now? *Can.* 'Tis Discretion, Sir,  
I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

B 2

[Draws.]

*Sir Greg.*



*Sir Greg.* 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,  
To preserve me alive. *Cun.* 'Tis a Friend's Duty, Sir,  
Nay, by a Toy that I have late thought upon,  
I'll undertake to get your Mistress for you.

*Sir Greg.* Thou wilt not? wilt?

*Cun.* Contract her by a trick, Sir,  
When she least thinks on't.

*Sir Greg.* There's the right way to't,  
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.

*Cun.* She does abuse you still then?

*Sir Greg.* A———damnably,  
Every time worse than other; yet her Uncle  
Thinks the day holds a *Tuesday*; say it did, Sir,  
She's so familiarly us'd to call me Rascal,  
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own Name,  
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.

*Cun.* Will you leave all to me?

*Sir Greg.* Who should I leave it to?

*Cun.* 'Tis our luck to love Neices; I love a Neice too.

*Sir Greg.* I would you did i' faith.

*Cun.* But mine's a kind Wretch.

*Sir Greg.* Ay marry Sir, I would mine were so too.

*Cun.* No Rascal comes in her Mouth.

*Sir Greg.* Troth, and mine has little else in hers.

*Cun.* Mine sends me Tokens, all the World knows not on.

*Sir Greg.* Mine gives me Tokens too, very fine Tokens,  
But I dare not wear 'em. *Cun.* Mine's kind in secret.

*Sir Greg.* And there mine's a Hell-cat.

*Cun.* We have a day set too.

*Sir Greg.* 'Slid, so have we Man,  
But there's no sign of ever coming together.

*Cun.* I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old Woman's Neice.

*Sir Greg.* Is't she?

*Cun.* I would your luck had been no worse for Mildness;  
But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.

*Sir Greg.* Foh! *Cun.* No blabbing, as you love me.

*Sir Greg.* None of our Blood were ever Bablers.

*Cun.* Prithee convey this Letter to her,  
But at any hand let not your Mistress see't.

*Sir Greg.* Yet again, Sir? *Cun.* There's a Jewel in't,  
The very Art would make her doat upon't.

*Sir Greg.* Say you so?

And she shall see't for that trick only.

*Cun.* Remember but your Mistress, and all's well.

*Sir Greg.* Nay, if I do not, hang me.

*Cun.* I believe you,

[Exit.

This



This is the only way to return a Token,  
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' contrary.  
He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing  
Made without Substance, that a Man can find again.  
Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,  
Engendring with an old pair of pawn'd Hose,  
Lying in some hot Chamber o'er the Kitchen,  
Very Steam bred him.

He never came where *Rum* in *Ru* e'er grew;  
The Generation of a hundred such  
Cannot make a Man stand in a white Sheet,  
For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable  
Pick out a Bawdy business for *Bridewell* in't;

*Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)*

A lamentable case, he's got with a Man's Urine, like a *Mandrake*.  
How now? hah? What prodigious Bravery's this?  
A most preposterous Gallant, the Doubler sits  
As if it mock'd the Breeches. *Clown*. Save you, Sir.

*Cun*. He's put his Tongue in the fine suit of Words too?

*Clown*. How does the Party?

*Cun*. Takes me for a Serivency. Which of the Parties?

*Clown*. Hum, Simplicity betide thee——

I would fain hear of the Party; I would be loath to go  
Farther with her; Honour is not a thing to be dallied withal,  
No more is Reputation, no nor Fame, I take it, I must not  
Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my Party is not  
To be compell'd with any Party in an oblique way;  
'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;  
May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,  
I'll bite my Tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.

*Cun*. Upon my Life I know her. *Clown*. Not by me;  
Know what you can, talk a whole Day with me,  
Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these Lips.

*Cun*. The old Knight's Neice.

*Clown*. 'Slid he has got her, Pox of his Heart that told him.  
Can nothing be kept secret? Let me entreat you  
To use her Name as little as you can, though.

*Cun*. 'Twill be small Pleasure, Sir, to use her Name.

*Clown*. I had Intelligence in my solemn Walks,  
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pancridge*, of a Scarf  
Sent for a Token, and a Jewel follow'd,  
But I acknowledge not the Receipt of any,  
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,  
Upon my Reputation I receiv'd none.

*Cun*. What, neither Scarf nor Jewel?

*Clown*. 'Twould be seen

Some-

Somewhere about me, you may well think that,  
I have an Arm for a Scarf, as others have,  
An Ear to hang a Jewel too, and that's more  
Than some Men have, my Betters a great deal,  
I must have Restitution where-e'er it lights.

*Cun.* And reason good. *Clown.* For all these Tokens, Sir,  
Pass i' my Name. *Cun.* It cannot otherwise be.

*Clown.* Sent to a worthy Friend. *Cun.* Ay, that's to thee.

*Clown.* I'm wrong'd under that Title,

*Cun.* I dare swear thou art,

'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's Circumvention,  
His envious Spite, when thou'rt at Paddington,  
He meets the Gifts at Pancridge. *Clown.* Ah false Knight!  
False both to Honour, and the Law of Arms!

*Cun.* What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?  
Thou sit as Witness? *Clown.* I should laugh in face then.

*Cun.* I'll fob him, here's my Hand.

*Clown.* I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well fob'd,  
Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the Lady sends not for me  
according to Promise? I ha' kept out o' Town these two Days, a  
purpose to be sent for; I am almost starv'd with Walking.

*Cun.* Walking gets Men a Stomach.

*Clown.* 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by Experience, for I  
ha' got a Stomach six times, and lost it again, as often as a Tra-  
veller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Pauls, and get it again.

*Cun.* Go to her, Man.

*Clown.* Not for a Million, enfringe my Oath? There's a Toy  
call'd a Vow has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir: Pray do me the  
part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet a Footman by  
the way, in Orange tawny Ribbands, running before an empty  
Coach, with a Buzzard i' th' Poop on't, direct him and his Horses  
toward the new River by Islington, there they shall have me looking  
upon the Pipes, and whistling. [Exit Clown.]

*Cun.* A very good Note; this Love makes us all Monkies.  
But to my Work: Scarf first? And now a Diamond?  
These should be sure signs of her Affections Truth,  
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof.

*[Exit.]*  
*Enter Neice and Sir Gregory.*

*Neice.* Is't possible?

*Sir Greg.* Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewel in't.  
Therefore I brought it to you.

*Neice.* You tedious Mongrel! Is't not enough  
To grace thee, to receive this from thy Hand,  
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,  
But you must talk too? *Sir Greg.* I ha' done.

*Neice.* Fall back,

Yet



Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly Puppy,  
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

*Sir Greg.* Nay, these are golden Days, now I stay by't,  
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all,  
The World mends, I see that.

*Neice.* What an ambiguous Supercription's here?  
To the best of *Neices*. Why that Title may be mine,  
And more than hers.

Sure I much wrong the neatness of his Art;  
'Tis certain sent to me, and to requite  
My Cunning in the Carriage of my Tokens,  
U'd the same *Fop* for his.

*Sir Greg.* She nodded now to me: 'twill come in time.

*Neice.* What's here? An entire *Ruby*, cut into a Heart,  
And this the Word, *Istud Amoris opus*?

*Sir Greg.* Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that Love is the best  
Stone-cutter.

*Neice.* Why thou sawey Issue of some travelling Sow-gelder,  
What makes Love in thy Mouth? Is it a thing  
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder

How thou dar'st think on't? Hast thou ever hope  
To come i'the same Room where Lovers are;  
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their Velvet Slippers?

*Sir Greg.* Love Tricks break out I see, and you talk of Slippers  
'Tis not far off to Bed time. (once.

*Neice.* Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?  
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a Spider  
With less Venom far, than I have spit at thee.

*Sir Greg.* You must conceive,  
A Knight's another manner a piece of Flesh.

*Neice.* Back, Owl's Face. With a. Old K. Do, do.

*Neice.* 'Tis my Uncle's Voice, that.  
Why keep you so far off, *Sir Gregory*?

Are you afraid to come near your Mistress?

*Sir Greg.* Is the proud Heart come down? I lookt for this still.

*Neice.* He comes not this way yet: Away, you Dog-whelp,  
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?

I'll make you understand my Mind in time;

You run in greedily, like a Hound to his Breakfast,

That chops in Head and all to beguile his Fellows;

I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and Leisure,

Behaviour and Discourse, things that ne'er trouble you;

After I have pelted you sufficiently,

I tro you will learn more Manners.

*Sir Greg.* I'm wondring still when we two shall come together?  
*Tuesday's* at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first, I swear.

*Enter*



*Enter Guardianes.*

*Guard.* Now *Cunningham*, I'll be reveng'd at large!  
Lady, what was but all this while Suspicion,  
Is Truth tull blown now, my Neice wears your Scarf.

*Neice.* Ha?

*Guard.* Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly  
Where you shall see her courted by *Cunningham*.

*Neice.* I go with greediness; we long for things  
That break our Hearts sometimes, there's Pleasure's Misery.

*[Exe. Neice and Guard.]*

*Sir Greg.* Where are those Gad-flies going? To some Junket  
That same old *Humble-bee* toles the young one forth  
To Sweet-meats after kind, let 'em look to't,  
The thing you wor on be not mist or gone.  
I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.

*Which is only a Puppet so drast.*

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Cunningham (in Discourse with a Mask'd Gentlewoman in a broad  
Hat, and Scarfed) Neice at another Door.*

*Cun.* Yes, yes.

*Neice.* Too manifest now, the Scarf and all.

*Cun.* It cannot be, you're such a fearful Soul.

*Neice.* I'll give her cause of Fear e'er I part from her.

*Cun.* Will you say so? Is't not your Aunt's desire too?

*Neice.* What a dissembling Croane's that? She'll forswear't now.

*Cun.* I see my Project takes, yonder's the grace on't.

*Neice.* Who would put Confidence in Wit again?

I'm plagu'd for my Ambition, to desire

A wise Man for a Husband, and I see

Fate will not have us go beyond our flint,

We are allow'd but one Dish, and that's Woodenock,

It keeps up Wit to make us Friends and Servants of,

And thinks any thing good enough to make us Husbands,

Oh that Whore's Hat o' thine, o' the riding Block,

A Shade for lecherous Kisses. *Cun.* Make you doubt on't?

Is not my Love of force? *Neice.* Yes, me it forces

To tear that forcerous Strumpet from th' Imbraces.

*Cun.* Lady?

*Neice.* Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest Love—

*Cun.* What mean you, Lady? *Neice.* Mine, you'll answer for't.

*Cun.* Alas, what seek ye? *Neice.* Sir, mine own with Loss.

*Cun.* You shall. *Neice.* I never made so hard a Bargain.

*Cun.* Sweet Lady?

*Neice.* Unjust Man, let my Wrath reach her,

As you owe Virtue Duty;

*[Cun. falls on purpose.]*

Your Cause trips you.

Now *Minion*, you shall feel what Love's Rage is,

Before you taste the Pleasure. Smile you, false Sir?

*Cun.*

*Cun.* How can I chuse? to see what Pains you take,  
Upon a thing will never thank you for't. *Neice.* How?

*Cun.* See what things you Women be, Lady,  
When Cloaths are taken for the best part of you?  
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,  
How y<sup>e</sup> are decciv'd still; there the Moral lyes,  
'Twas a Trap set to catch you, and the only Bait  
To take a Lady nibbling, is fine Cloaths:  
Now I dare boldly thank you for your Love,  
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this Fit,  
For a jealous Ague always ushers it.

*Neice.* Now Blessings still maintain this Wit of thine,  
And I have an excellent Fortune coming in thee,  
Bring nothing else I charge thee. *Cun.* Not a Groat, I warrant ye.

*Neice.* Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my Faith for't,  
Next Opportunity shall make us.

*Cun.* The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her Revenge sweetly.

*Neice.* Lais, 'tis her part, she knows her Place so well yonder,  
Always when Women jump upon threescore,  
Love shoves 'em from the Chamber to the Door.

*Cun.* Thou art a precious she-Wit.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Cunningham, at one Door; Witty-Pate, Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priscian, at the other.*

*Cun.* Friend, met in the Harvest of our Designs,  
Not a Thought but's busie. *Witty.* I knew it Man,

And that made me provide these needful Reapers,  
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home  
With a melodious Horn-pipe, this is the Bond,  
That as we further in your great Affair,  
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for Crums,  
And if we snatch a Handful from the Sheaf,  
You will not look a Churl on's. *Cun.* Friend, we'll share  
The Sheaves of Gold, only the Love Acre  
Shall be peculiar. *Witty.* Much good do you, Sir,  
Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you  
The Musick ready, while we prepare the Dancers.

*Ruin.* We are a Consort of our selves.

*Pris.* And can strike up lustily.

*Witty.* You must bring, Sir *Fop.* *Cun.* That's perfect enough.

*Ruin.* Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more the better Fare,



So the Proverb runs backwards

[*Exeunt* *Ruin* and *Pris.*

*L. Ruin.* I'll bring the Ladies.

[*Exit.*

*Witty.* Do so first, and then the Fops will follow;

I must to my Father, he must make one.

[*Exit.*

*Enter two Servants with a Banquet.*

*Cun.* While I dispatch a Business with the Knight,

And I go with you. Well said, I thank you;

This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests

With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown,

The Action craves it, rather than the Weather.

*1 Ser.* There's one stays to speak with you, Sir.

*Cun.* What is he?

*1 Ser.* Faith I know not what; Sir, a Fool, I think,

That some Broker's Shop has made half a Gentleman;

Has the Name of a Worthy too. *Cun.* Pompey? Pitnot?

*1 Ser.* That's he, Sir.

*Cun.* Alas, poor Fellow, prithee enter him, he will need too.

*Enter second Servant with a Gown.*

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy,

If my Friend Sir Gregory comes, you know him,

*Enter Clown.*

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master Pompey, how is't Man?

*Clown.* 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and Cold, and one thing or other;

Has not my Lady sent for me yet?

*Cun.* Not that I hear; sure some unfriendly Messenger  
Is employ'd betwixt you.

*Clown.* I was nee'r so cold in my Life, in my Conscience I have been  
seven Miles in length, along the *New River*; I have seen a hundred  
Tickle Bags: I do not think but there's Gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er  
be a true Water.

*Cun.* Why think you so?

*Clown.* I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers Thumbs in it.  
I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

*Cun.* And welcome, Pompey.

*Clown.* 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

*Cun.* Oh, that's Love, that distastes any thing but it self.

*Clown.* 'Tis worse than Cheese in that Point. May not a Man break  
his Word with a Lady? I could find in my Heart and my Hose, too.

*Cun.* By no means, Sir, that breaks all the Laws of Love.

*Clown.* Well, I'll ne'er pass my Word without my Deed  
To a Lady, while I live again. I would fain recover my Taste.

*Cun.* Well, I have News to tell you.

*Clown.* Good News, Sir?

*Cun.* Happy News, I help you away with a Rival, your Master  
bestow'd.

*Clown.*



*Clown.* Where, for this Plumb's sake—

*Cyn.* Nay, listen me.

*Clown.* I warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth:  
I hear no more than I eat, I'd ne'er row by *Queen-Hib*  
While I liv'd else.

*Cyn.* I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the Contract.

*Clown.* The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

*Cyn.* Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see,  
See him; see him deceiv'd, see the Deceit, only  
The Injunction is, you shall smile with Modesty.

*Clown.* I'll simmer i' faith, as cold as I am yet; the old one I hope.

*Enter Servants*

*Ser.* Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

*Cyn.* Up'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen  
All's ravell'd out again; stand there private,  
And you'll find the very Opportunity  
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve,  
When it is crown'd with such a Dainty as you  
Expect, and must have.

*Sir Greg.* Tush, these Sweet-Meats are but Sauce to that;  
Well, if there be any Honesty, or true Word in a Dream,  
She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extremely,  
Not the same Woman. *Cyn.* Who, not the Lady?

*Sir Greg.* No, not to me, the Edge of her Tongue is taken off,  
Gives me very good Words, turn'd upside down to me,  
An we live as quietly as two *Torvises*, if she hold on,  
As she began in my Dream. *[Soft Music!]*

*Cyn.* Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,  
You are bound to believe 'em, there's the Watch-Word  
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now,  
If you hit it, *Aequus Cupido nobis.*

*[Both go into the Town.]*

*Sir Greg.* I will warrant you, Sir, I will give Arms to  
Your Gentry, look you forward to your Business,  
I am an Eye behind you, place her in that Chair,  
And let me alone to grope her out.

*Enter Mirabel.*

*Cyn.* Silence. Lady, your sweet Presence illustrates  
This homely Roof, and, as course Entertainment;  
But where Affections are both Host and Guest,  
They cannot meet unkindly, please you sit,  
Your something long Stay made me unmannerly,  
To place before you, you know this Friend here,  
He's my Guest, and more especially,  
That this our Meeting might not be too single,

With several Weapons.

Without a Witnes to't.

*Mir.* I came not unresolv'd, Sir,  
And when our Hands are clasp'd in that firm Faith  
Which I expect from you, Fame shall be bold  
To speak the loudest on't: Oh you grasp me  
Somewhat too hard, Friend. *Cun.* That's Love's eager Will,  
I'll touch it gentler. *[Kisses her Hand.]*

*Mir.* That's too low in you,  
Less it be doubly recompenc'd in me. *[She Kisses his Hand.]*

*Clown.* Pub, I must stop my Mouth, I shall be choakt else.

*Cun.* Come, we'll not play and trifle with Delays,  
We met to join these Hands, and willingly  
I cannot leave it 'till Confirmation.

*Mir.* One Word first, how does your Friend, kind Sir Gregory?

*Cun.* Why do you mention him? You love him not.

*Mir.* I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir,  
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,  
This flattering Hand of yours does rob him, and I know  
I shall have Hate for't, his Hate extremely.

*Cun.* Why I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd:  
Upon my Life the Knight will love you for't,  
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

*Mir.* Ay, you'll persuade me so. *Cun.* Why, he's my Friend,  
And wishes me a Fortune equal with him,  
I know and dare speak it for him.

*Mir.* Oh, this Hand betrays him, you might remember him in  
some Courtesie yet at least.

*Cun.* I thank your Help in't; here's to his Health,  
Where-e'er he be.

*Mir.* I'll pledge it, were it against my Health.

*Clown.* Oh, oh, my Heart hops after twelve Mile a Day, upon  
a good Return, now could I walk three hundred Mile a-foot, and  
laugh forwards and backwards.

*Mir.* You'll take the Knight's Health, Sir.

*Clown.* Yes, yes forsooth, oh my Sides! Such a Banquet once a  
Week, would make me grow fat in a Fortnight.

*Cun.* Well, now to close our Meeting, with the close  
Of mutual Hands and Hearts, thus I begin,  
Here in Heav'n's Eye, and all Loves sacred Pow'rs,  
(Which in my Prayers stand propitious)  
I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand  
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding  
By force of this initiating Contract  
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Faith, Loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the Dues,  
Rights and Honours of a faithful Husband,

And

And this firm Vow, henceforth till Death, to stand  
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.

*Mir.* Which thus I receive, but oh, Sir Gregory.

*Con.* Again? This Interposition's ill, believe me.

*Mir.* Here, in Heav'n's Eye, and all Love's sacred Power,  
I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand  
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding  
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Honour, Loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the Dues,  
Rights and Duties of a true and faithful Wife;  
And this firm Vow, henceforth till Death, to stand  
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.

*Sir Greg.* A full Agreement on both parts.

*Con.* Ay, here's Witness of that.

*Sir Greg.* Nay, I have over-reach'd you Lady, and that's much,  
For any Knight in England to over-reach a Lady.

*Mir.* I rejoyce in my Decree, I am a Lady  
Now, I thank you, Sir. *Clown.* Good Morrow, Lady.

*Sir Greg.* Shail, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful Ass,  
This is not my Lady.

*Con.* But it is, Sir, and true as your Dream told you,  
That your Lady was become another Woman.

*Sir Greg.* I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no more La-  
dies in London, blindman Buff is an unlawful Game.

*Con.* Come down on your Knees first, and thank your Stars.

*Sir Greg.* A fire of my Stars, I may thank you, I think.

*Con.* So you may pray for me, and honour me,  
That have preserv'd you from a lasting Torment  
For a perpetual Comfort, did you call me Friend?

*Sir Greg.* I pray pardon me for that, I did mis-call you, I confess.

*Con.* And should I, receiving such a thankful Name,  
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my Friend  
Basted, disgrac'd, without any Reverence  
To your Title, to be call'd Slave, Rascal?

Nay, curst to your Face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down  
With a Woman's peevish Hate, yet I should stand  
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?

I would have seen you buried quick first,  
Your Spurs of Knighthood to have wanted Rowel,  
And to be kick'd from your Heels, Slave, Rascal?  
Hear this Tongue.

*Mir.* My dearest Love, Sweet Knight, my Lord, my Husband.

*Con.* So, this is not Slave and Rascal then.

*Mir.* What shall your Eye command, but shall be done,  
In all the Duties of a loyal Wife?

*Con.* Good, good, are not Curses fitter for you? wot not better  
You



Your Head wert broke with the handle of a Fan,  
Or your Nose bor'd with a Silver Bodkin?

*Mir.* Why, I will have a Servant in your Lady.

*Cun.* 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,  
This Contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,  
And see you better bestow'd.

*Sir Greg.* 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and I  
am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me see him that  
will take her away by the Civil Law: If you be my Friend, keep  
you so, if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i'th' Teeth  
with't, that's not the part of a Friend.

*Cun.* If you be content.

*Sir Greg.* Content? I was never in better Contention in my Life.  
I'll not change her for both the *Exchanges*, *New or the Old*;  
Come, kiss me boldly. *Clown.* Give you joy, Sir.

*Sir Greg.* Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did, you are  
belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-Women.

*Clown.* Ladies? let not the Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it were  
a married Man, and have a Family, and for the Party's sake that was  
unnam'd before, being Pease-cod time, I am appear'd, yet I would  
wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

*Cun.* Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that,  
And this, Friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd,  
Let this private Contract be yet conceal'd;  
And still support a seeming Face of Love  
Unto the Lady; mark how it avails you,  
And quits all her Scorns: Her Uncle is now hot  
In pursuit of the Match, and will enforce her,  
Bend her proud Stomach, that she shall proffer  
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,  
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,  
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,  
For there the Pride of all her Heart will bow,  
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

*Sir Greg.* Good i'faith; I'll continue it. I'd fain laugh at the old  
Fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his Niece, my Knight-  
hood's upon the Spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast  
as we can.

[*Exe. Sir Greg. and Mirab.*]

*Clown.* I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

*Cun.* The good Minute may come sooner than we are aware of,  
I do not think but 'twill e'er Night yet, as near as 'tis.

*Clown.* Well, I will go walk by the *New-River*, in that Medita-  
tion, I am o'er Shoes, I'm sure upon the dry Bank; this gullery of  
my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if Love were  
not an Enemy to Laughter, I should drive away the time well e-  
nough; you know my Walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found An-  
gling,

gling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't.

Oh Knight, that thou should'st be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at Heart,

But oh, Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part.

[Exit.]

*Enter Witty-pate.*

*Witty.* Friend. *Con.* Here Friend.

*Witty.* All's afoot, and will go smooth away,  
The Woman has conquer'd the Women, they are gone,  
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,  
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off  
From his Charge, for Neglects and ill Usage,  
And that he is most violently bent

On Gentry's Wife (whom I have call'd a Widow)

And that without most sudden Prevention

He will be married to her. *Con.* All this is wrong.

This wings his Pursuit, and will be before me; I am lost for ever.

*Witty.* No, stay, you shall not go.

But with my Father, on my Wit let it lie,

You shall appear a friendly Assistant,

To help in all Affairs, and in Execution

Help yourself only. *Con.* Would my Belief

Were strong in this Assurance. *Witty.* You shall credit it,

And my Wit shall be your Slave if it deceive you.

*Enter Old Knight.*

My Father——

*Old K.* Oh Sir? You are well met, where's the Knight your Friend?

*Con.* Sir, I think your Son has told you.

*Witty.* Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,  
But not my Kinswoman; her base Usage,  
And your slack Performance, which he accuses most  
Indeed, has turn'd the Knight's Heart upside down.

*Old K.* I'll curb her for't; can he be but recover'd,

He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,

And love him as a Wife too. *Witty.* With that condition, Sir,

I dare recal him were he enter'd the Church,

So much Interest of Love I assure in him.

*Old K.* Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

*Witty.* Ay, but these are Words still, will not the Deeds  
Be wanting at the Recovery, if it should be again.

*Old K.* Why here, Fool, I am provided, five hundred in earnest  
Of the thousands in her Dower; but were they married once  
I'd cut him short enough, that's my Agreement.

*Witty.* Ay, I now perceive some purpose in you, Father.

*Old K.* But wherefore is she then stol'n out of Doors to him?

*Witty.* To him? oh fie upon your Error, she has another Ob-  
ject, believe it, Sir.

*Old K.*



*Old K.* I never could perceive it, and I wish you had told me I did, and to her Shame I should speak it,

To my own Sorrow I saw it, Dullness, Nay, Dotage with every Clown, a Fool.

*Old K.* Wit and Wanton? nothing else? nothing else? She love a Fool? she'll sooner make a Fool

Of a wise Man. *Cun.* Ay, my Friend complains for Sir Gregory says flatly, she makes a Fool of him,

And these bold Circumstances are approv'd: Favours have been sent by him, yet he is not

Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood, And taken from him: Certain, Sir, there is

An unsuspected Fellow lies conceal'd, What, or where, e'er he is, these slight neglects

Could not be of a Knight else. *Old K.* Well, Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him

Unmarried) to save all these old Bruises? *Cun.* I'll do my best, Sir.

*Old K.* I shall thank you, costly, Sir, and kindly too. *Witty.* Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come behind

all your purposes? *Old K.* Away good Sir.

*Witty.* Then stay a little, good Sir, for my Advice. Why Father, are you broke? your Wit beggar'd,

Or are you at your wits end? or out of Love with Wit? no trick of Wit to surprize

Those designs, but with an open Hue and Cry, For all the World to talk on? this is strange,

You were not wont to slubber a Project so. *Old K.* Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self

My Son? go too, I leave this to your Wit, Because I'll make a proof on't. *Witty.* 'Tis thus then,

I have had late Intelligence, they are now Buckfom as *Bacchus* Froes, Revelling, Dancing,

Telling the Musick's numbers with their Feet, Awaiting the meeting of permonish'd Friends,

That's questionless, little dreading you: Now Sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden

And sufficient were well, to enter on 'em As something like the Abstract of a Masque;

What though few Persons? if best for our purpose, That commends the Project. *Old K.* This takes up time?

*Witty.* Not at all, I can presently furnish With loose Disguises that shall fit that Scene.

*Old K.* Why what wants then? *Witty.* Nothing but charge of the Musick,

That



That must be paid, you know.

*Old K.* That shall be my Charges, I'll pay the Musick,  
Whate'er it cost.

*Witty.* And that shall be all your Charge,  
Now on, I like it, there will be Wit in't, Father.

[*Exe. Old K. and Witty.*]

*Cun.* I will neither distrust his Wit nor Friendship,  
Yet if his Master's Brain should be o'erthrown,  
My Resolution now shall seize mine own. [Exit.]

*Enter Neice, Lady Redgauntlet, Guardians, Ruinous and Priscian,*  
(*with Instruments masqued.*)

*L. Ruin.* Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath at least  
Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best

I fear this ruin'd Receptacle will yield,  
But that most freely. *Neice.* My Welcome follows me,

Else I am ill; come hither, you assure me  
Still Mr. *Cunningham* will be here, and that it was  
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

*L. Ruin.* Else let that shame unto my Sex,  
That all belief may fly 'em. *Neice.* Continue still

The Knight's Name unto my Guardianess,  
She expects no other. *L. Ruin.* He will, he will, where you

Lady, Sir *Gregory* will be here, and suddenly:  
This Musick fore-ran him, is not so Comfort?

*Ruin.* Yes Lady, he stays on some Device to bring along,  
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty Device.

*Neice.* 'Twill be long e'er he comes then, for Wit's  
A great Labour to him.

*Guard.* Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

*Neice.* Scarce now, I think.

*Guard.* Such a mocking-beggar Suit or Gloaths as led me  
Into the Fool's pair of Dice, with Dewze A

He that would make me Mistress *Cun*, *Cun*, *Cun*,

He's quite out of my Mind, but I shall ne'er

forget him while I have hole in my Head;

Such a one I think would please you better,

Though he did abuse you. *Ruin.* Eye, speak well of him now,

Your Neice has quitted him. *Guard.* I hope she has,

Else she loses for ever; but for Sir *Gregory*,

Would he were come, I shall ill answer this

Unto your Uncle else. *Neice.* You know 'tis his Pleasure

I should keep him Company. *Guard.* Ay, and should be your own;

If you did well too; Lord, I do wonder

At the Niceness of you Ladies now-a-days,

They must have Husbands with so much Wit forsooth.

Worship and Wealth were both wont to be

In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,  
But they get ne'er the wiser Children that I see.

*L. Ruin.* La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain,  
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,  
Let's have a Female Motion, 'tis in private,  
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.

*Neice.* What say you, Guardianes?

*Guard.* 'Lais I'm weary with the Walk,  
My jaunting Days are done.

*L. Ruin.* Come, come, we'll fetch her by course, or else  
She shall pay the Musick.

*Guard.* Nay, I'll have a little for my Mony then,

*[They dance, a Corner is minded.]*

*L. Ruin.* Hark? upon my Life the Knight, 'tis your Friend,  
This was the warning-piece of his Approach.

*Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, and Cunningham, Masqu'd, and  
take them to Dance.*

*L. Ruin.* Ha? No Words but mum? Well then,  
We shall need no Counsel-keeping.

*Neice. Cunningham?* *Cun.* Yes fear nothing.

*Neice.* Fear? Why do you tell me of it?

*Cun.* Your Uncle's here. *Neice.* Aye me.

*Cun.* Peace. *Old K.* We have caught 'em.

*Witty.* Thank my Wit, Father.

*Guard.* Which is the Knight, think you?

*Neice.* I know not, he will be found when he speaks,  
No Masque can disguise his Tongue.

*Witty.* Are you charg'd? *Old K.* Are you awake?

*Witty.* I'm answer'd in a Question.

*Cun.* Next Change we meet, we loose our Hands no more.

*Neice.* Are you prepar'd to tie 'em? *Cun.* Yes.  
You must go with me.

*Guard.* Whither, Sir? Not from my Charge, believe me.

*Cun.* She goes along.

*Neice.* Will you venture, and my Uncle here?

*Cun.* His Stay's prepar'd for.

*Guard.* 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.

*[Exe. Cun. Neice. Guard.]*

*Old K.* How now, the Musick tir'd before us?

*Ruin.* Yes, Sir, we must be paid now.

*Witty.* Oh that's my Charge, Father.

*Old K.* But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone? Son, where  
are they?

*Witty.* Only chang'd the Room in a Change, that's all sure.

*Old K.* I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.

*Ruin.* You must pay for your Musick first, Sir.

*Old K.*

*Old K.* Must? Are there musty Fiddlers? Are Beggars Chusers now?  
*Ha?* Why *Witty* says, Son, where am I?

*Witty.* You were dancing e'en now, in good Measure, Sir;  
 Is your Health miscarried since? What ail you, Sir?

*Old K.* Death, I may be gull'd to my Face, where's my Neice?  
 What are you?

*L. Ruin.* None of your Neice, Sir.

*Old K.* How now? Have you loud Instruments too? I'll hear  
 No more, I thank you; what have I done to  
 To bring these Fears about me? Son, where am I?

*Witty.* Not where you should be, Sir, you should be paying  
 For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

*Old K.* Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you,  
 Here's a Crown for you. *L. Ruin.* Pish, a Crown?

*Ruin. Prif.* Ha, ha, a Crown?

*Old K.* Which way do you laugh? I have seen a Crown has made  
 a Consort laugh heartily.

*Witty.* Father,  
 To tell you truth, these are no ordinary  
 Musicians, they expect a Bounty  
 Above their punctual desert.

*Old K.* A ——— on your Punks and their Deserts too.  
 Am I not cheated all this while, think you?  
 Is not your Pate in this? *Witty.* If you be cheated,  
 You are not to be indicted for your own Goods,  
 Here you trifle time to market your Bounty  
 And make it base, when it must needs be free  
 For ought I can perceive.

*Old K.* Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

*Witty.* That I will, Sir, with all my Heart.

*Old K.* Unless I was discover'd, and then now fled  
 Home again for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd,  
 That's the best can be hop'd for.

*Witty.* Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen!

*Ruin.* There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

*Old K.* Now, Sir, how dear is it?

*Witty.* Bate but the t'other ten Pound.

*Prif.* Not a Bawbee, Sir.

*Old K.* How? Bate ten Pound? What's the whole Sum then?

*Witty.* Faith, Sir, a hundred Pound, with much ado  
 I got fifty-bated, and faith Father, to say truth,  
 'Tis reasonable for Men of their Fashion.

*Old K.* La; la, la, down, a hundred Pound? la, la, la,  
 You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not?

*Witty.* No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

*Old K.* Fiddle faddle, is it not a Robbery? a plain Robbery?



*Witty.* No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd  
For your Mony, nay and that you cannot give back,  
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?  
If they had been agreed with before-hand,  
'Twas ill forgotten.

*Old K.* And how many Shares have you in this? I see my force,  
Cafe up your Instruments, I yield, here, I robb'd and  
Taken from me, I deliver it.

*Witty.* No, Sir, you have perform'd your Promise now,  
Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

*Old K.* I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir,  
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

*Witty.* Why, Sir, here's Witness against you, you have danc'd,  
And he that dances acknowledges a Receipt of Musick.

*Old K.* I deny that, Sir, look you, I can dance without Musick,  
do you see, Sir? And I can sing without it too; you are a Consort  
of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

*Witty.* Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move the Musick a-  
gain, it may cost you as much more.

*Old K.* Hold, hold, I'll depart quickly, I need not bid you fare-  
wel, I think now, so long as that hundred Pound lasts with you.

*Enter Guardianes*

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

*Guard.* Oh, Sir *Perfidious*.

(*dear.*

*Old K.* I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too damnable

*Guard.* Oh Sir, my Heart-strings are broke, if I can but live to  
tell you the Tale, I care not, your Neice my Charge is——

*Old K.* What, is she sick?

*Guard.* No, no, Sir, she's lustily well married.

*Old K.* To whom?

*Guard.* Oh, to that cunning Dissembler *Cunningham*.

*Old K.* I'll hang the Priest first, what was he?

*Guard.* Your Kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch Benefice*!

*Old K.* I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good; is there  
any more?

*Guard.* And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

*Old K.* To my Neice too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

*Guard.* No, Sir, to my Neice, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's  
likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am one of her  
Aunts, I thank my Promotion.

*Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Neice, Sir Gregory, and Mirabel.*

*Cred.* I have perform'd your best, Sir.

*Old K.* What have you perform'd, Sir?

*Witty.* Faith, I must excuse my Cousin in this act,  
If you can excuse your self for making him  
A Priest, there's the most difficult Answer.

I put this practice on him, from your desire:

A truth, a truth, Father.

(Name.)

*Cred.* I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your  
*Old K.* I protest, Sir, he told you a Lie in my Name; and were  
you so facile, Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

*Cred.* If a Man should not believe his Cousin, Sir, whom should  
he believe?

*Old K.* Good e'en to you, good Mr. Cousin *Cunningham*,  
And your fair Bride, my Cousin *Cunningham* too,  
And how do you do Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

*Sir Greg.* A little better than you would have had me, I thank  
you, Sir; the days of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are pretty well  
blown over now, I know Crabs from Verjuice, I have tried both,  
and shouldst give me thy Neice for nothing, I'd not have her,

*Cun.* I think so, Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not.

*Sir Greg.* I would thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had di-  
ed of the Green-sickness. Know this, that I did marry in spight, and  
I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in spight, and beget Chil-  
dren of her in spight, and when I die, they shall have my Lands in  
spight; this was my Resolution, and now 'tis out.

*Neice.* How spightful are you now, Sir *Gregory*?  
Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband,  
With all the Honours, Duties, sweet Embraces,  
That can be thrown upon a loving Man.

*Sir Greg.* — This is afore your Uncle's Face, but behind his  
Back, in private, you'll shew him another Tale —

*Cun.* You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these things  
before you. Come out of your Mute, they have been but Wit-wea-  
pons, you were wont to love the Play.

*Enter Clown.*

(anon.)

*Old K.* Let me alone in my Muse, a little, Sir, I will wake to you.

*Cun.* U'd so, your Friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

*Neice.* Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

*Clown.* I do hear strange Stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

*Neice.* Oh, the dissembling falsest Wretch is come.

*Cun.* How now, Lady?

*Neice.* Let me come to him, and instead of Love  
Let me have Revenge.

*Witty.* Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he be guilty or

*Neice.* He cannot be excus'd.

(no.)

How many Messengers (thou perjur'd Man)  
Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou  
Wouldst follow, and never 'till this unhappy hour  
Could I set Eye of thee, since thy false Eye  
Drew my Heart to it? Oh I could tear thee now,  
Instead of soft Embraces; pray give me leave —

*Witty*



*Witty.* Faith this was ill done of you, Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

*Clown.* By this Hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her Company, that a Man should be wrong'd thus?

*Neice.* Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds? and thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false Heart in't.

*Witty.* Oh fie, to receive Favours, return Falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand—

*Clown.* Will you believe me, Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this Sword might ne'er go through

*Witty.* Some bad Messengers have gone between you then. (me.

*Neice.* Take him from my Sight, if I shall see to morrow.

*Witty.* Pray you forbear the place, this Discontent may impair her Health much.

*Clown.* 'Foot, if a Man had been in any Fault, 'twould ne'er griev'd him: Sir, if you'll believe.

*Witty.* Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you.

But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't;

She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd,

Against her Uncle's Will, nay, and Consent,

But out of a mere neglect, and i' sight to her self,

Married suddenly without any advice.

*Clown.* Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank herself, she might have gone farther and far'd worse; I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come 'till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour.

*Witty.* Truly I believe you.

(else.

*Clown.* Night and Day she might have commanded me, that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part that I'd say, if she would let me hang'd; If she be cast away, I think I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoken with a Man.

*Witty.* Well, 'twas a hard Miss on both Parts,

*Clown.* So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross Luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

*Neice.* Not gone yet? Oh my Heart! none regard my Health?

*Wit.* Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it:

*Clown.* Foolish Woman, to overthrow her Fortune so; I shall think the worse of a Lady's Wit, while I live for't—I could almost cry for Anger, if she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my Conscience a little; and who knows what Love and Conceit may do? What would People say, as I go along? There goes he that the Lady dy'd for Love on, I am sure to hear on't i' th' Streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish Woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husband's Head, and break thine own Heart? If thou hadst any Wit, I would some other had been the Cause of thy undoing, I shall betwitted i' th' Teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady.

[Exit]

*Neice*



*Neice.* So, so, this Trouble's well shook off. Uncle, howd'ye?  
there's a Dowry due, Sir.

*Can.* We have agreed it, Sweetest,  
And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

*Witty.* To all the rest, I hope.

*Old K.* Never to thee, nor thee, easie Cousin *Credulous*,  
Was your Wit so raw?

*Cred.* Faith, yours Sir, so long season'd,  
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,  
Speaking it with Reverence, Uncle.

*Sir Greg.* Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your time, as  
any Man here.

*Witty.* Ay, Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first Preface  
cheat of a Pair of Pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the  
Example to your Bounty there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir; you un-  
derstand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cousin,  
which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but  
all Cheaters: there was a hundred Mark, mark you that; lastly, this  
memorable hundred Pounds worth of Musick, this was both Cheat and  
Wit too, and for the amittance of this Gentleman to my Cousin (for  
which am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my Wit too, Father:  
Will you come to Composition yet, Father?

*Can.* Yes faith, Sir, do, two hundred a Year will be easier than so  
much Weekly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't again.

*Old K.* Why this was the Day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,  
And the next Cheat makes up three hundred;  
Live thou upon thy ten Pound Vicarige,  
Thou get'st not a Penny more, here's thy full Hire now.

*Cred.* I thank you, Sir.

*Witty.* Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,  
To shove him out of your Favour, which I fear'd  
Would have disinherited me.

*Old K.* Most certain it had,  
Had not thy Wit recover'd it. Is there any here

That had a hand with thee? *Witty.* Yes, all these, Sir.

*Old K.* Nephew, part a hundred Pound amongst 'em,  
I'll repay it; Wealth, love me as I love Wit;  
When I die, I'll build Alm'-house for decay'd Wits.

*Sir Greg.* I'll entertain one in my life-time, Scholar, you shall be my  
Chaplain, I have the Gift of twenty Benefices, simple as I am here.

*Pris.* Thanks my great Patron.

*Can.* Sir, your Gentry and your Name shall both be rais'd as high  
as my Fortunes can reach 'em, for your Friends sake.

*Witty.* Something will be in my present Power, the future more,  
You shall share with me.

*Ruin and Wife.* Thanks, worthy Gentlemen.

*Neice.* Sir, I would beg one thing of you?

*Sir Greg.* You can beg nothing of me.

*Witty.* Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your Power over her.

*Sir Greg.*

*Sir Greg.* She has begg'd me for a Fool already, but 'tis no matter;  
I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been,  
That's one for another.

*Witty.* Nay, but if she beg—

*Sir Greg.* Let her beg again then.

*Noice.* That your *Man Pompy's* Coat may come over his Ears a-  
gain, I would not he should be lost for my sake.

*Sir Greg.* Well, 'tis granted, for mine own sake.

*Mir.* I'll intreat it, Sir.

*Sir Greg.* Why then 'tis granted for your sake.

*Old K.* Come, come, down with all Weapons now, 'tis Musick  
So it be purchas'd at an easie Rate;

Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,

And all concludes in Love, there's happy Wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Epilogue at the reviving of the Play.

**W**E need not tell you, Gallants, that this Night  
The Wits have jump'd, or that the Scenes hit right;  
'Twould be but Labour lost for to excuse  
What Fletcher had to do in, his brisk Muse  
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ  
An Act, or two, the whole Play rose up Wit.  
We'll not Appeal unto those Gentlemen,  
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when  
The Ladies smile, and with their Fans delight  
To whisk a Clineb aside, then all goes right;  
'Twas well recet'd before, and we dare say,  
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play,



# FINIS.